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THE bombing of the Afghan tribes has been carried out, we are told, as humanely as possible. We do not doubt it. But we are not sure (*a*) whether it is possible to bomb humanely, (*b*) whether there was in this case any good reason for bombing at all, (*c*) why, since bombing operations are not uncommon on the frontier so much publicity has been given to this particular instance. A suggested answer to this last question is that it was thought good policy to show the world (which has been very critical of Great Britain's refusal to renounce police-bombing) just how efficient and humane the bombing of a "backward people" really is. Finally, what further humane steps are to be taken if the Afghan tribesmen remain faithful to the chivalrous creed, of which we have read so much recently, and continue, in spite of the destruction of their homes, to refuse to give up these agitators to the foreigner? Bombing may be a most efficient weapon of warning or punishment. But what follows?

August 4th, 1933

This week, the anniversary of the outbreak of war, we publish two remarkable articles dealing with a European situation only less menacing than that of 1914. Writing from Geneva, Mr. Robert Dell discusses the effect of Hitler upon French opinion and upon the cause of disarmament. In another article a correspondent who has a close acquaintance with the less discussed side of the German revolution describes the underground organisation which has been perforce built up under the Hitler regime. Terrorism has not, as superficial observers have imagined, stamped out all opposition; it has forced it underground and compelled many who were not Communists to accept Communist leadership. We cannot make any estimate of the strength of this organisation. That it is not negligible we may guess from Göring's frantic efforts—some inconceivably savage and others no less childish—to destroy all working class independence. It is reported that in some districts the unemployed have been threatened with wholesale loss of the dole unless opposition leaders, supposed to be in hiding there, are surrendered. Panic or spite would seem the only motive that could inspire the punishment inflicted for the destruction by unknown hands of an oak tree ceremoniously planted by the Chancellor himself. As a reprisal, all Communists in concentration camps were deprived of dinner for three days—a punishment which has the demerit of falling on the one set of people in Germany who, since they were behind bars, could not be guilty. On the other extreme we now have the official revival of beheading by the axe. Four Communists were decapitated last week. But Herr Hitler must be asking himself whether even Göring can decapitate the entire working-class movement in Germany.

Hitler's Economic Problem

Beating up your enemies is an easy task, for which the Nazis can claim full marks. But their real test must lie in finding remedies for the economic troubles which vex

Germany, and in that they make a poor showing. Trade generally is bad, and in export industries and shipping in particular it is worsened by the disgust and fear that Hitlerism has inspired abroad. The Government is getting plenty of warnings of this, and there are signs that it is beginning to take notice of foreign opinion. But it has as yet done little in the way of modifying its policy, and in one capital case nothing—the campaign against Austria goes on in violation of every international convention. The unemployment figures of the Reich remain enormous, despite a recent drop over which the press is jubilant, but which is mainly seasonal. The much talked of public works schemes do not as yet amount to very much. Our information suggests that a potent factor in producing a paper reduction in the unemployed is that a large number of men who are without jobs dare not register for fear of being exposed as " Marxists " and given the bludgeon or the concentration camp instead of the dole.

The American Plan

What is coming to be known as the " American Plan " has advanced several stages farther this week. The " blanket code," which is to operate until each industry is equipped with a separate code of its own, is now encountering a good deal of opposition, and President Roosevelt and General Johnson have had to meet the employers half-way in the matter of full-time earnings for much shorter hours in the case of workers above the prescribed minimum rates. A special voluntary advance code has also had to be made for the distributive trades, in which it would be impracticable to insist on the same reductions in hours as in manufacturing industries. The steel employers have been compelled to withdraw the clause in their draft code providing for " company unions " ; but at the public hearing they have been stoutly maintaining their determination to maintain the " company union " system none the less. Over this question, and also over that of wages, a hard struggle is going on between the steel employers and the American Federation of Labour ; and Miss Perkins, Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of Labour has intervened officially to oppose the rates suggested by the employers. Meanwhile, in the coal industry there has been shooting by State troopers at strikers who are demanding the recognition of the Mine Workers' Union in an " open shop " area.

The Meerut Appeal

The judicially phrased comments of the Chief Justice of India and his colleagues in the Meerut Appeal show that they are aware of the scandalous nature of this trial. It has been described by a British official on the spot at the time as a " frame-up." Four and a half years have passed since the arrests—a length of time which has been officially excused on the plea that the prisoners delayed in their own defence. The thirty-three men, a few of whom were Communists, were charged not with any " overt acts," but with a vague " conspiracy against the King Emperor "—a charge which enabled the prosecution to explore the works of Lenin and the whole history of the Third International for the benefit of the Court. We are not surprised that the Chief Justice is reported to have attributed the delay to lack of discrimination in the choice of evidence against the prisoners, that the judges criticised the sessions judge for taking five months to write his judgment, and that Mr. Justice Young suggested some modification in the procedure of Indian law in such cases. In view of the fact that the total number of members of the Communist Party in India is said by the defending counsel to be fifty, and that the only offence which seems to have been clearly established against the chief prisoners was an attempt to organise unions among the deplorably sweated cotton workers, it is not surprising that the Appeal Court should find sentences of transportation for life unnecessarily severe.

The Liberties of Andorra

Andorra is still in upheaval. The citizens refuse to be sat upon by their " co-Princes," the President of the French Republic and the Spanish Bishop of Urgel, and they are literally up in arms—though we do not anticipate that they are going to fire their guns at the oppressors. Feeling runs particularly high against the French who, though they are admitted to have conferred great benefits on Andorra, are now exercising a very tight control over the post office and the schools and are, moreover, opposing certain developments (very fortunately, as we think) such as the establishment of a Casino. But the Andorrans are not absolutely united ; amongst the 5,200 men, women and children comprising the total population, there are some Francophiles, some who favour annexation by Catalonia, and some " National Socialists," demanding the deposition of the co-Princes and the proclamation of a sovereign Republic. A General Election, it is hoped, will settle the issue, though whether the victory of any one of these three factions will be taken lying down by the other two is open to some doubt.

Sterling and Gold

The elements are curiously mingled in the declaration jointly issued by the leading Empire countries (except the Irish Free State) at the close of the World Economic Conference. It proclaims that the Empire countries mean for the present to pursue a common currency policy —so that, for the Empire, the " sterling area " is now a recognised unity as well as in actual operation. But it also declares unequivocally the intention of the sterling countries to go back in due course to the gold standard—apparently in its old form. Fixed exchange rates, within gold points, are definitely preferred to stable internal prices, or even to the possibility of " managing " the internal level of prices on national lines. There is no hint that the gold standard is to be modified, so as to allow long-period changes in the gold equivalent of the currency—the only method that could make a gold standard compatible with national price-management. It is laid down that Great Britain is free of all commitments, pending the return to gold, to pay her currency in relation to either franc or dollar ; but an invitation is allowed to other countries to join Great Britain as soon as possible in restoring exchange stability. Meanwhile, the policy of cheap money is to be maintained in London irrespective of exchange fluctuations—for which at any rate we can be wholly thankful—and some encouragement is again to be given to investment overseas.

* * *

Apart from the question of the gold standard, the great weakness of the declaration is that, while it expresses strongly the view that prices ought to be raised, and attaches incidentally undue credit to Great Britain for such rises as have occurred already, it seems to expect to achieve this result entirely by keeping money cheap. We can indeed be thankful that there is no reference to the idea of raising prices by artificial restrictions on output, to which Australia, at any rate, is strongly opposed. But we have to regret that the reference in the declaration to public works shows no sign that the Government has moved an inch since Mr. Runciman's blank negation. Now cheap money, and above all low long-term interest rates, are highly desirable things; but anyone who supposes that they can alone raise prices and restore prosperity has his head in the clouds. The truth is that we are looking to Mr. Roosevelt to provide the entire impetus towards higher prices and business revival, and merely declaring our willingness to provide the money to finance the revival in Great Britain if he can bring it about without any help from us.

Mr. Henderson and Clay Cross

Mr. Henderson's candidature for Clay Cross has produced some extraordinary reactions. It was resisted at the outset by certain Trade Unions which apparently regard the seat as their own perquisite—a claim that is not only indefensible in principle, but astonishing in view of the facts that Mr. Henderson is an ex-Secretary of State, the chief officer of the Labour Party, and a lifelong Trade Unionist to boot. One Tory newspaper vents its spite by denouncing the candidature as "a monstrous proposition." The *Times* prays that Mr. Henderson will be unopposed, lest in the heat of the contest he should "jeopardise his disarmament work by partisan speeches." The *Daily Herald* will have none of this; it wants opposition in order that Labour may gain a thumping majority. At present the Conservatives have not made up their minds. Their headquarters, it is said, are not anxious to put up a candidate; the Simonites, who fought the seat in 1931, have decided to let it alone this time. For our own part, we shall be very glad to see Uncle Arthur back in the House, and so, we are sure, will the present hard-worked occupants of the Front Opposition Bench; there is no question of his disputing with Mr. Lansbury for the leadership. The alleged difficulties of his double rôle are moonshine. Parliament does not meet till November 7th, and by that time any lingering doubts about the fate of the Disarmament Conference ought to have been set at rest. If by a miracle it takes a new lease of life, Mr. Henderson can obviously devote his attention to it. But the odds are a thousand to one that it will have to be wound up—and indeed Mr. Henderson himself, while he is more hopeful than most of us about the results, wants the Conference concluded before the end of the year.

Another Housing Plan

The Departmental Committee on Housing, presided over by Lord Moyne, has issued its report. Its recommendations are complicated, and we can do no more here than comment briefly on one or two outstanding points. The Committee rejects—on what seem to us inadequate grounds—the proposals for a National Housing Board which were put forward by Sir Raymond Unwin and others, and discussed in our columns a few months ago. The essence of its own scheme (which does not touch slum clearance proper—that was not within its terms of reference) is the acquisition and re-conditioning by public utility societies of unfit houses. The owners of these insalubrious properties are to be compensated, but on a basis designed to do "rough justice" whilst avoiding undue generosity. The whole business is to be supervised by a Central Public Utility Council, appointed by the Minister of Health. And an Exchequer subsidy is recommended to assist in the provision of new accommodation in order to abate overcrowding in the acquired houses. We cannot honestly enthuse over this scheme of reconditioning, though it contains some good points. Whether it will help materially towards the solution of the national housing problem will depend less on the machinery proposed than on the men behind it.

"Theirs Not to Reason Why . . ."

Lord Trenchard's apology to Flying Officer Fitzpatrick for his mishandling by the sleuths of the C.I.D. is the end of an ugly little episode. We hope that the storm which it provoked will be a warning to over-zealous policemen to walk more delicately in future. The difference between the behaviour of a bandit and of a policeman should be noticeable at first glance. But the great innovator of Scotland Yard has bigger schemes in hand than the mere protection of the public from outrages of this sort. He is determined to make the Metropolitan Police Force into a body of super-men. He is going to have discipline, and discipline means not only obedience to his orders, but the abandonment of that criticism in which the Police Federation has been so prone to indulge. "Theirs not to question why; theirs but to do or die" is to be the constable's as well as the soldier's motto. Nor is this all. Constables must keep physically fit, and to that end they must all join the Police Athletic Club. They must also abstain from marriage for the first four years of their service—presumably because a bride at the fireside would be a dangerous counter-attraction to the playing field. Or is it merely that Lord Trenchard is a good Malthusian, who fears a rise in the population? Whatever be his motive, it is a singular intrusion of the State into the private life of its employees. Lord Trenchard's reforms—his gentleman cops, his athletic bachelors (or should we say Trappist monks, since they are to be vowed to silence and celibacy?) and all the rest—may produce an efficient force. But it looks as if they were going to produce a discontented force.

Worshipping the Devil

Fleetwood Town Council has been having a lively debate about a proposal to allow children to play in a children's playground after three o'clock on Sunday afternoons. Councillor Thomason strongly opposed this far-reaching proposal. He is reputed to have said:

> Fleetwood has opened so many things on Sunday, and the thin end of the wedge is gradually being driven home. We are worshipping the devil.

Similarly Birkenhead Town Council has decided not to allow Sunday bowls or tennis in a municipal park. Curiously enough, Sunday golf is allowed on the municipal links in this same park. It would be interesting to know how many Birkenhead Councillors (1) play golf, (2) play bowls, (3) have private tennis courts.

STALEMATE AND RECOVERY

THE world has accepted the fiasco of the Economic Conference with quite remarkable equanimity. Its attention is elsewhere. Even before the great international gathering that was to solve all economic problems had begun to sit, it was watching, with an interest that had got past surprise, President Roosevelt's manhandling of American individualism, and it was far more excited about the dollar exchange and the prospects of American reflation than about the daily proceedings in the Geological Museum. In this its judgment was sound; for, to whatever purpose, President Roosevelt was making history, whereas the Conference delegates were only staring at a chessboard that announced stalemate.

Stalemate, but not checkmate; for the capitalist world, despite its adversities, is by no means down and out, and even the World Economic Conference may try again and do better later on. Already in most countries there is a disposition to believe that the very worst of the depression is over, and a positive showing of improvement in domestic trade and production, though not yet in foreign trade. Some of this improvement is due to the influence of conditions in the United States; but something is to be attributed to the fact that countries have now had time partly to readjust their economic systems to the changed conditions of to-day, so that the collapse of foreign trade is no longer quite so disastrous internally as it was at first. Economic nationalism of the extreme sort is in the long run impossible; but in a world in which foreign trade is shut off by tariffs, exchange controls, and import restrictions of every sort and kind, the home market inevitably governs the economic situation, and readjustments of production to meet internal needs necessarily confer short-term benefits. It is often said that one can get used to anything, and feel better when one has got used to it; and countries, having got used to the insanities of the present economic situation, are feeling better, and ceasing to make matters worse by adding panic to the real forces of depression.

Some improvement therefore might have been expected in Europe even if the American influence had been neutral. But the real, though limited, revival of demand and business activity which Mr. Roosevelt's policy has already brought about has been an even more powerful factor on the side of a revival of confidence. Of course, this revival remains highly precarious; no one knows whether the American experiment will succeed or fail in the long run, or what tricks its author has still up his sleeve for the facing of fresh difficulties as they arise. But most people now hold that the American improvement, though there may be some seasonal setback in the autumn, will last at any rate over the winter, and that it will, on balance, further stimulate activity elsewhere. While it lasts, it means bigger American orders abroad, and these in turn will work round to stimulate additional demand for the products of the exporting countries. There are some who fear that a depreciated dollar will encourage American competition in the world market. But this will happen only if internal prices in the United States fail to rise as fast as the dollar falls; and that the American Government, we believe, neither wishes nor means to allow.

As President Roosevelt's policy is gradually unrolled before the world, it is seen more and more to involve a careful balancing of factors. Prices must rise, but not so as to prevent a real expansion in the demand for goods. Accordingly, costs and incomes—above all, wage incomes—must rise fast enough to enable more goods to be bought, and to allow employers enough incentive to increase production, but not so much as to lead to a speculative boom. The supply of money must be regulated in accordance with the rise in prices and production; therefore production must be regulated too, industry by industry, so as to ensure a balanced expansion and avoid a glut of some things accompanied by an artificial security of others. There must be power to check excessive prices, as well as production; and the Government must sit firmly on the head of the stock and produce markets if they show signs of speculative excess. The aim throughout must be to achieve a moving balance of all the factors; therefore each thing must be regulated, not once and for all, but in such a way as to make swift revision possible at every point.

Needless to say, all this will be very difficult to carry out. A planned economy, based on the balancing of all the complicated factors of money, prices, incomes and production is the devil of a job even for a Socialist system. But President Roosevelt is trying to superimpose a planned economy upon a system of private enterprise deeply impregnated with gangster elements and at best run by a team of strong individualists who have grown up in a tradition of contempt for government and of violent hostility to State intervention in industry. For the present, most of them are doing what the President orders them to do; they look to him to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. But as soon as they feel confident enough that his policy has succeeded, their attitude is likely to undergo an abrupt change. They will want to cash in on the gains of the revival as soon as possible, and they will argue that control is no longer necessary once the crisis is over. In fact, they will want to upset the careful balance between prices, costs and incomes which President Roosevelt is endeavouring to secure.

Thus, if the American policy survives earlier difficulties, its real testing time will come when President Roosevelt has to hold down the resurgent forces of individualism reanimated by his success. Before that, there will inevitably be ups and downs—indeed, downs as well as ups are essential to keep the speculators in check. But the root question is whether capitalism, when and if State control brings it back to prosperity, will consent to be turned lastingly into State-controlled capitalism, and to accept the necessity of high wages and regulated prices as means of preventing a renewed slump. If it does, the world may be in for an era of restored capitalism in a new form; but we very greatly doubt if it will, since State control and enforced high wages both go sorely against the capitalist conscience.

It is, however, plain that the world's economic future is being settled far more in the United States than in Europe, or in any gathering of the nations for concerted economic action. How can the capitalist nations concert a policy till they know what is to be the character of the capitalism they are seeking to restore? President Roosevelt may fail, or he may succeed in the short run only to fail in holding his success—or he may succeed in creating a new capitalist system. Until it can be seen which of these fates attends him, how can the rest of the world have a concerted policy?

The British Empire claims to have one, and to have set it out in the joint declaration issued by the Empire countries immediately after the adjournment of the World Economic Conference. What is this policy? To form a currency union based on sterling, and try to use it as the means of drawing the rest of the world back to the gold standard. To raise prices—it is not at all clear by what means—and to keep up in London a policy of cheap money. To allow a revival of overseas investment, especially within the Empire. To endeavour to make the Ottawa policy work, as it is implicitly confessed it has not been working hitherto. Finally, still to prefer stable exchange rates to stable internal prices, and to work for world action to stabilise world prices under the gold standard.

This policy seems to us a mixture of good and evil. It is good to peg for the present the sterling currencies, but bad to promise unequivocally an eventual return to the gold standard in its old form, for this involves a complete surrender of control over the level of British internal prices, and postpones all hope of effective management of prices and monetary conditions to the day when all the world can be persuaded to agree upon a common policy. It is good to raise prices at present, but unwise to rely on cheap money alone to achieve this, and to rule out a large scheme of public works as an essential instrument. It is good to encourage some recovery of overseas investment, but bad to exclude loans in aid of world schemes of reflation and development. And as for making the Ottawa policy work, we shall believe it when we see any willingness on the part of the Dominions to work it.

In effect, the Empire declaration is bad, because it shows on the whole a determination to stand aloof from the United States, and not effectively to join in the policy of reflation, while paying lip service to it. Therefore, no less than before, the eyes of the world will remain fixed on America because, while other countries merely wait on the event, there a real attempt is being made, by stealing the Socialist thunder, to create a new kind of capitalism which will be compatible with using to the full the enlarged productive resources at the disposal of mankind.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN NAZI GERMANY

(1) THE GROUPS OF FIVE ("FÜNFERGRUPPEN")

[This article, based on intimate knowledge of the situation in Germany, throws light on a movement whose activities are known to few foreigners and probably to only a minority of Germans. The facts as set out by the writer are, we believe, not open to question; the opinions expressed are his own. Next week we hope to publish a second article by Mr. Henri on the revolutionary press in Germany.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Is there still a Germany to-day apart from Hitler? It appears to be unthinkable. The news which comes from Germany daily speaks of a sudden transformation of an entire nation—of the end of all parties, of the disappearance of all non-National Socialist organisations and leaders, of the cessation of all non-Fascist thought. There is nothing outside Hitler. That is the truth, but it is only half the truth. The other half is the existence of a new subterranean revolutionary Germany. There is perhaps no other example in history of a secret revolutionary movement with a completely equipped organisation and an effective influence extending over the whole country, being able to develop in so short a time. Practically every one of the larger factories contains a secret revolutionary group; in almost every district in the larger towns illegal organisations and printing-presses are at work; almost every day in Berlin, Hamburg, Essen, Leipzig and other industrial cities, anti-Fascist hand-bills, leaflets and posters appear in the streets, local strikes break out in all directions; and the feelers of this organisation are manifestly stretching right into the cohorts of the Nazi Storm Troops. This entire movement has come into existence in within three or four months of Hitler's *coup d'état*. And it will be stronger than any of its forerunners. It has little of the romance of the old revolutionary movements, of the Russian anti-Tsarists, of the Spanish Republicans, of the Italian insurgents. It has nothing of the nationalist pathos or of the religious poeticism of the youngest of the world's revolutionary movements—of the Irish Free Staters, of the Indian Swarajists, of the Macedonian terrorists. Its characteristic is that of a sober minded, scientific organisation of struggle and conspiracy and a military mass formation, which lays hold not of small individual groups, but of an entire social class. This organisation, which socially and politically is not based only upon the thirteen million former Socialist and Communist electors in Germany, is to-day dogging Hitler's every footstep. In a few months time it may become more dangerous for him than all the old parliamentary opposition parties which he has hurled with such ease into the abyss.

Its core lies in the so-called *revolutionary groups of five*, a novel form of anti-Fascist organisation, which, under Communist leadership, has taken the place of the former party unions and associations. These groups of five cover practically the whole of German industry; almost all the factories and the majority of the more important offices are honeycombed with them. Each group comprises approximately five persons, who as far as possible are employed in the same section, industrial and office workers, who formerly belonged to bodies of varied political complexions—to the Social Democratic Trade Unions, to the Reichsbanner, to the Christian Societies, to the Communistic R.G.O. (Red Trade Union Opposition)—or even were quite unorganised and politically indifferent. Together these persons form a small, compact, secret brotherhood, who in their hatred of the Hitler dictatorship and in defence against Nazi terror have become completely amalgamated, have buried all previous differences and pursue only one policy —anti-Fascism. Because each group of this kind is limited to just a few persons, it is almost invisible from outside and almost unseizable; how can one follow up and control conversations and meetings of four or five persons during a rest interval inside a factory, in a private house during a radio performance, or on an excursion into the woods on a Sunday? In the larger workshops there are dozens of such groups of five, which work independently of each other as far as possible and often are not mutually acquainted. Should a group be discovered and arrested (or ejected from the shop) the others carry on. But they are co-ordinated from above; the leadership and central direction of all the groups of five in a town or in a local industrial establishment are in the hands of a higher authority, of a narrower and more exclusive conspiratorial organisation, the "sub-district committee," consisting of a few experienced revolutionaries. The contact between this local centre and the workshops is generally maintained by one individual, the revolutionary "workshop inspector," who holds the threads of all the groups of five in one single workshop. This works inspector has the most responsible and the most dangerous post in the entire anti-Fascist organisation, for he knows both the staff in the workshops and the secret addresses of the local centres. The whole attention of the Hitler police, and of the factory management which the Nazis appoint, is mainly directed to the discovery of these people. But that only happens in the rarest cases, and the anti-Fascist fighting spirit is so strong in the German factories that reinforcements and substitutes are always to be found—frequently from the ranks of those who used not to be in the least interested in political affairs. The whole of this secret machinery, startling as it may seem to English readers, is in fact now the sole practical form in which the political thought and will of millions of men who have been reduced to silence in Hitler's "Totalitarian State" can realise itself. The purpose of the groups of five is to revolutionise whole workshops, whole groups of industrial and office workers, and to undermine the new economic organisation of the Hitler State, which, like Mussolini's prototype, must be founded on the Fascist corporations of the workers, of the so-called "National Socialist Workshop Organisation." (N.S.B.O.). The Nazis, who have suspended all Trade Unions and independent labour bodies, are endeavouring by means of coercion and propaganda to force all the workers into their N.S.B.O. organisation, where under the command of Nazi leaders they will become the second line of the "Totalitarian State," of which the Storm Troops and the S.S. form the first line. And the revolutionary groups of five are in fact nothing else than the opposite poles of these State organisations of the Nazis in the factories. They constitute a serious danger to the entire Hitler experiment of the "corporate State," for their work consists not merely in bringing together and holding together the elements which were already anti-Fascist, but also in leading an offensive for the moral capture of the remaining workers, even those who have accepted the National Socialist regime.

The groups of five flood the factories with anti-Fascist propaganda material which they receive from the local anti-Fascist centres. Even the Fascist newspapers in Germany have lately mentioned this "pest" and have demanded "Draconian counter-measures." Revolutionary factory newspapers (little handwritten or typewritten sheets, which are published for a single workshop), handbills, leaflets, small paper strips with a few fighting slogans or bits of news are stuck up daily in the factories, pasted on the walls, on the machinery, in the lavatories, on the doors of the worker's home before he leaves in the morning. The whole fronts of houses in the working class areas are covered with revolutionary slogans in paint which is difficult to wash off. The Nazis have caught dozens of people, especially youths, at this job and have sent them to concentration camps or penitentiaries (the average punishment for such acts or for distributing revolutionary literature in connection with this has been raised during the past few weeks from six months to eighteen months imprisonment); but the walls of the houses and the fences still continue their protest against Hitlerism. In this way it has been possible to revive courage and give a fresh assurance to the masses of the workers who in the first days of the revolution and the terror seemed to be paralysed by fright. But still more important is the other effect of the groups of five. The whole official Trade Union leadership in the factories, the settlement of wage rates, relationship with the employers and so on, are to-day in the hands of the National Socialist Workshop Organisation (N.S.B.O.). In most cases the entire staff is simply forced to come into the N.S.B.O. by the summoning of a detachment of armed Storm Troops or by the threat of instant dismissal. But at the same time there enters the revolutionary group of five, which often immediately becomes the most active element inside the N.S.B.O. They begin "in the name of National Socialism" by urging the N.S.B.O. to put forward a demand for an increase of wages—for before his victory Hitler promised higher wages for all workers. They force the N.S.B.O. always, in the name and under the protection of the former Nazi programme, to demand the fulfilment of the old demagogic promises, shorter working-hours, improved working conditions, and the removal of unpopular directors or officials. The result is that in the last few weeks the first wave of strikes since Hitler's victory has broken over Germany (though strikes are forbidden in the Hitler State), that in numerous cases the management in Nazi factories has been compelled officially to "postpone" the intended wage-reductions for two months, that the Nazi "Reichs Association of Industrial Employers" addressed a protest to the Chancellor against the attitude of the N.S.B.O. and that Hitler has come into conflict with a large number of his own local N.S.B.O. organisations, and indeed has been obliged to dissolve some of them for being "tainted with Marxism."

Thus the revolutionary groups of five who are concealed inside the Fascist N.S.B.O. achieve a twofold result; they disorganise the National Socialist economic and party apparatus, and they dispel the illusion spread among the masses of the workers by Nazi demagogy. ERNST HENRI

FRENCH OPINION

GENEVA, *July 29th*, 1933

SOME ten days ago in Paris an old friend of mine—a Frenchman—whom I asked what French opinion was about the international situation, replied that there was no longer any public opinion in France. It is true that French opinion seems to be hesitating and uncertain and, in view of what is going on in Germany, it is surprisingly calm. For years after the victory French nerves were on edge and there was a constant dread of Germany—a fear that the Germans had not been sufficiently crushed and would one day take their revenge. Now that the fear has been justified and Germany has become a menace not only to France but to European civilisation, French nerves seem quite steady and there is no sign of excitement. Is this calmness the result of indifference or of failure to understand the gravity of the situation? That seems impossible, for everybody that one meets recognises the reality of the German danger. The probable explanation is that in face of a European situation as confused and uncertain as it is perilous the French feel the necessity of keeping their heads and walking warily. Perhaps they are conscious, at any rate dimly, of the fact that the fate of Europe depends on France in the West and Russia in the East, and ultimately on co-operation between them. Only such co-operation can prevent the European Continent from being submerged by Fascism.

One reason, no doubt, of the calmness of French opinion is that the powers that be in France now discourage any tendency towards panic. For some time past there has been hardly any news in the French press about Nazi atrocities or even about what is going on generally in Germany, and there is reason to believe that this silence is due to a hint from above. The French Government does not desire an anti-German press campaign at the moment and it would not be difficult to stir one up. From all accounts French opinion is intensely anti-Nazi and therefore necessarily anti-German, for nothing but Hitlerism any longer counts in Germany for practical purposes. Above all, the ease and rapidity with which Hitler got the complete mastery of Germany have inspired in France, as elsewhere, contempt for the German character. As a German refugee said to me three months ago, it took four years to make the *Corriere della Sera* Fascist and only three weeks to make the *Berliner Tageblatt* Nazi. It must be difficult for a Frenchman not to think that events in Germany have justified the view that most Germans understand nothing but force and attribute concessions to weakness. In 1929, if I am not mistaken, Professor Foerster said in an article published in the *Temps* that the evacuation of the Rhineland would be followed by an outburst of Nationalist and militarist frenzy in Germany, which would become a danger to Europe. I was among his critics at the time and I feel that I owe him an apology. The outburst began a few hours after the evacuation and three months later Hitler polled between six and seven million votes in the German general election, whereas two years earlier in 1928 his poll had been only about 800,000.

There are cross-currents in France. In some quarters on the Right there is secret sympathy with Hitler and a desire to imitate his methods in France, at any rate as regards Socialists and Communists. They are the quarters that encouraged

Herr von Papen's pet idea of a Franco-German military alliance against Russia, but they dare not express their sympathy openly and they probably recognise that the price of an alliance with Hitler would be too high. Gustave Hervé has naturally become a Nazi, but he has no longer the smallest influence. The more or less avowed Nazi sympathisers are mostly on the Left, and the French Nazi organ, the *Volonté*, is nominally a paper of the Left. Their argument is that French interests require an understanding with Germany—any Germany. They are a small minority, and the Nationalist view that the internal affairs of a country can in no circumstances concern other countries is not at all in the tradition of the French Left. The unnatural alliance with Tsarist Russia was a departure from that tradition, and its results were not such as to encourage another experiment of the same kind. Among the present allies of France are countries with a Fascist or quasi-Fascist regime, but they are not in a position to influence French internal politics, as Tsarist Russia did and as Hitlerite Germany would, if France had an alliance or even a close understanding with her. In spite of the talk about a Fascism of the Left and of the Fascist tendencies of a handful of French Socialists—the Second International seems to breed Fascists—no country in Europe is at present less likely to go Fascist than France. The conditions in England seem to me more favourable to a Fascist movement, and the political system in England, where Parliament is reduced almost to impotence, is nearer to Fascism than that of France, which is still a genuine parliamentary system and on the whole works well.

The change that was revealed by the result of the general election in May of last year is proving to be profound and permanent. France is abandoning nationalism and is won over to the idea of international co-operation. The best proof of an international spirit is willingness to surrender national sovereignty and the French people seem to be beginning, at any rate, to realise that without that surrender no effective international co-operation is possible. France has proposed at Geneva permanent and drastic international control of armaments, the internationalisation of the manufacture of arms and the suppression of their private manufacture, an international air force, the abolition of national air forces and the internationalisation of civil aviation. All these involve a serious restriction of national sovereignty, and it is for that reason that they are opposed by certain other governments, including the British. France has become the most pacific nation in Europe. There would be strong opposition to any war for a purely national object, and a government ordering a general mobilisation for such a war would run a great risk. It might not, however, be difficult to rally French opinion to international intervention to stem the tide of barbarism that threatens to sweep over Europe from Germany. It is probably for that reason that any anti-Nazi campaign in the press is officially discouraged.

The great majority of the French people probably have no illusions as to the possibility or the value of an understanding with Hitler. Mr. Arthur Henderson's unfortunate proposal of a meeting between Hitler and M. Daladier was not well received in France, where it was believed to have had a German origin, like the rumours of such a meeting that have been circulated from time to time during the last two months or so. M. Daladier may be trusted not to compromise himself and France by so playing into Hitler's hands. Most people that I have met in France are convinced that, if the present regime in Germany lasts long enough, as there is every probability that it will, war will be forced on Europe when the rulers of Germany believe themselves to be sufficiently strong. If England were ready to join with her army and her fleet in international action to avert the catastrophe, France would no doubt be equally ready and the French Communists would be the first to rally to the call, but everybody in France knows that there is no chance of that and there is a strong feeling against France joining in any action without England, especially as the attitude of the British Government towards Nazi Germany is felt to be equivocal. There is a suspicion in France that very influential quarters in England are favourable to Nazi Germany, and the suspicion has been strengthened by the reports of a speech made by Sir John Simon at a private dinner in London about three weeks ago, which was not reported in the English press. If the reports are accurate, the British Government still agree with Mussolini and Hitler in regarding the Four Power Pact as an instrument for forcing frontier revision on Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania in the interest of Germany and Hungary. France is opposed to treaty revision in present conditions and so is Russia.

In these circumstances the French cannot agree to any immediate reduction of armaments, and, in my opinion, they would betray the cause of civilisation and peace if they did. Before armaments can be reduced it must be ascertained whether effective international control of armaments is possible. The French proposal, therefore, is that for a certain period—four years, for instance—the armaments of all countries, including Germany, should be stabilised at their present level with a system of international control. If at the end of the period the control has proved to be effective, France will agree to disarm. This means, of course, that for the period in question the armament provisions of the peace treaties will continue in force. It is on this point above all that Mr. Henderson's mission has failed, for the German Government refuses to hear of any postponement of "equality of rights." Yet the precaution proposed by France is a reasonable one. Effective control is an essential condition of disarmament and it is doubtful whether any effective control can be devised so long as the unrestricted private manufacture of arms continues. Control would have been impossible in Germany had not the manufacture of arms been restricted to certain approved factories, and, even as it was, the disarmament provisions of the treaty were often evaded. It is hoped in France that public opinion in England will understand the necessity of a preliminary period for testing the efficacy of control. If Germany refuses to agree to it France will sign no disarmament convention, and she will be right. The fate of Europe cannot be left to depend on the value of Hitler's signature.

ROBERT DELL

A LONDON DIARY

STILL at an age when Palmerston and Gladstone had ten years of political leadership in front of them, Mr. Lloyd George occupies a very singular and enigmatic position in English politics. A man of many pasts, the most hated of Radicals, the most effective of militarists, the originator of national government after the war and its severest critic in 1931, his speeches to-day are as sparkling as ever and useful sometimes to one party and sometimes to another. He has outdone the Labour Front Bench in its criticism of the present Government; he has spoken often as a Liberal; now, with some doubts about India, he seems set upon delighting the Die-hards. He believes, he explains, in "all or nowt"; if we are to abandon Free Trade let's go the whole hog in Protection. Whether this really portends, as gossip has it, an alliance with Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd, it would be rash to say. He is certainly on good terms both with them and with Lord Beaverbrook. But his instincts are radical and his value as a political ally uncertain. Like the poor but honest parents of the girl who left a good home for a life of sin, the old political parties take what they can get from him, but can they forget the past?

In their old age in the country,
  In the cottage where they live,
They drink the champagne that she sends them.
  But they never can forgive!

* * *

The really odd things about politics to-day are their joylessness and lack of leadership. Odd, because at last science has made the earth man's and the fullness thereof.

Why do we not leap forward to grasp our inheritance? Why do we go on putting up with things as they are? Take one very non-controversial example—housing. Whenever the upper classes feel their consciences prick, a new slum clearance scheme is announced. It is supported, quite sincerely, by archbishops, members of the aristocracy and of the Royal family, and by the mass of well-meaning citizens. We have had these almost fruitless " drives " periodically since the 'eighties, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, sat on a Housing Commission. Mr. Keynes was surely speaking for thousands of people when he wrote in this paper the other day of the " wonder-city " we might make of London in contrast to the ugly squalor we have actually built, because " on the test of private enterprise " slums " paid " and beautiful building seemed " foolish extravagance."

* * *

This contrast has been more than ever brought home to me as I have travelled lately on bus and in car through many miles of hideous streets in outer London. It is not even hideousness, but a monotonous dreariness of bricks and mortar unparalleled, one believes and hopes, in the universe. And it stretches for miles and miles and miles of desolation, not a wen, as Cobbett in his day called it, but a vast malignant growth. What a monument to nineteenth century civilisation it is, this teeming desert of mean houses, ugly shops, ugly houses, and mean shops repeating themselves endlessly from Woolwich to Wimbledon, from Purley to Highgate, and from Acton to Wood Green. I am told that there are infinite distinctions of respectability in this desert. Upper Holloway, for instance, is more respectable than Lower Holloway, and Brixton is not such a good address as Streatham. Indeed, many people object to putting a letter in a pillar-box which entails having the Brixton postmark on it, and will walk over the border into Streatham in order to win respectability from the Streatham postmark. It is even said that the residents who use a Brixton Post Office near the border are petitioning the postal authorities to change it to Streatham so that the postmark may rise in the social scale.

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All this dreariness is so completely unnecessary. Turn east out of Seymour Street by Euston Station and watch the process whereby St. Pancras House Improvement Society is pulling down rows of filthy and dilapidated slums and rehousing their occupants in comely flats with open space and nursery schools and civilised sanitation. You can see all the stages and the contrasts in *Challenge*, an excellently illustrated publication which gives a plan of the complete scheme and photographs of the half-finished work. You can guess, too, at the infinite difficulties to be overcome when a small body of enthusiasts undertakes to transform even a few acres of London. Or again, you can find hope and encouragement by visiting one of the oases that are here and there springing up in London, where the L.C.C. has developed " an estate." Larkhall Estate, for instance, and one or two others are admirable buildings with pleasant gardens—they put the surrounding roads and houses to shame. And when you come into London proper from Vauxhall and the south by Lambeth and see the line of the river with its frontage of new white buildings, it is obvious that modern architecture has something to say for itself worth saying. If Pericles could rebuild Athens surely our National Government could pull down the whole of South London and build it up again as a magnificent modern city. If they set to work on it next month, they might well cure the world slump, besides earning for Mr. MacDonald the title—which he would appreciate—of the modern Pericles.

* * *

Why, then, is nothing done on a large scale? Because of the hold of property-owners and the complicated legal and financial system that entrenches them. We have slums for the same reason that we have industrial depression, unemployment and poverty. The enterprise of private owners cannot give us a new London nor can it avoid sabotaging production, not because property-owners are wicked, but because, if private profit is the decisive test, those who own it cannot afford to rebuild the houses of the poor, and cannot afford to reopen workshops and factories however much they may want to. The community can afford prosperity; the individual owner cannot. Now that science has made the Socialist argument, which was always obvious when applied to the slums, obvious also in relation to the economic system as a whole, groups of people everywhere are springing up to talk about " planning " our economic system. There is a " New Britain " movement and a Young Liberal group with many good ideas which they are to propound to the Liberal Summer School this week-end. They refuse to accept the present chaos. But they boggle, it seems to me, at the vital issue. How can private owners, whose interests in days of " over-production " lie in restriction, " plan " for the benefit of the community? How can the public hope to enjoy freely, if ownership is private? Wanted, it seems to me, a political leader who can rouse us to the possibilities of our inheritance without pretending that we can enter it without a transformation of the institution of private property.

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Christ could not have been a Jew. Scientific proof is not necessary. It is so.—Goebbels in *Michaël*, p. 88.

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Anyone who really and sincerely desires the victory of the pacifist idea must strive by every means after the conquest of the world by the Germans.—Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, p. 315.

* * *

My wife sympathises with my political work, but she isn't as Left wing as I am. We are often arguing about what she calls my extreme views. She is all in favour of Labour, but she doesn't believe in nationalisation or abolishing competition, or anything like that.—Interview with the Earl of Kinnoull in the *Daily Express*.

* * *

Mr. Swaffer said that at the moment when the present Government came into office civilisation was set back fifty years.—Report in *Daily Herald*.

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Will some generous landed estate owner rent to young married couple a real Country COTTAGE, unfurnished, for £26 p.a. inclusive? Within radius 12–15 miles London; near station; highest reference; nobility connections.—Advert. *Morning Post*.

* * *

The great moment of each day of the Eton and Harrow match is the tea interval.—*Daily Mail*.

CRITIC

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BUNKUM

Being a summary of speeches delivered at the final session of the World Economic Conference.

RING down the drop-scene—not the curtain,
  Billed as we are, with kindly tact,
In some dim future and uncertain
  To play, perchance, a livelier act.

" Not dead but buried," men may judge us
  Who sought from us the world's redress;
" Not dead but damned," say some who grudge us
  The decent limbo of " recess."

Yet with high hearts we boast our title
  To praise from all with eyes to see:
We who agreed, " Agreement's vital;"
  Then all agreed to disagree.

Who will, for victory's dusty laurel
  With plodding patience may compete,
For us remains, with loftier moral,
  The courage that admits defeat.

Yet have we failed? For every nation—
Pledged to inflation or to gold—
Invites the frank co-operation
Of all who'll do as they are told;

And every State, clear-eyed and steady
In fealty to the common task,
For any compromise is ready
Which gives it all that it can ask.

Ring down the drop-scene—not the curtain;
Nor grudge to us, who sought redress
For certain ills by means uncertain,
The decent limbo of "recess."

MACFLECKNOE

THE GUILTY MOTORIST

It must occur at least once a year, I suppose, to one in every three adult citizens capable of holding a pen to long to sit down and write a letter to the press on the subject of motoring. There is nothing else in contemporary life that causes so many exciting scenes as the motor-car, and excitement makes us want to write to the papers. Every pedestrian has at some time or other been nearly killed by a motorist. Every motorist has had his life endangered by a pedestrian. Every slow motorist has been nearly smashed up by a fast motorist. And every fast motorist has again and again been in peril of death owing to the selfishness of a slow motorist. What a world of hair-breadth escapes we live in—and die in! If Othello had lived in the twentieth century, he would have added to the catalogue of adventures with which he wooed Desdemona his experiences as a motorist on the road home from Southend on Sunday evening. And who can doubt that "this to hear would Desdemona seriously incline"?

At times we get so accustomed to the repetition of these exciting and often tragic events that we become almost indifferent to them. As Mr. A. G. Gardiner recently said, we show less emotion over the death of a hundred human beings on the roads than over the wrongful arrest of one young man. It is an excellent thing to keep a watchful eye on the police, but our lives are in infinitely greater danger from civilians than are our liberties from the police. Possibly, if the police were wrongfully arresting people every day of the year, we should gradually cease to notice it, and nobody but Mr. Maxton would raise a scene in the House of Commons over a new incident of the kind. Possibly, again, if only one fatal motoring accident occurred in the course of the year, the House of Commons and the nation would seethe with excitement over it, and statesmen of all parties would rise in their places and with passionate gestures cry "Never again!" If the same thing happens too often, we are inclined to regard it as the work of destiny. If there were fewer motoring accidents, there might be a greater chance of rousing public opinion to insist upon a reduction of the number of motoring accidents.

I wonder whether future generations will think of the present generation in the same way in which we think of the generations which destroyed the lives of children in the coal mines and factories. We may not look on all the industrialists of the early nineteenth century as monsters, but we look on the system that enriched them as a foul and inhuman monster chiefly because of its heartless destruction of the lives of children in the cause of money-making. Is not the destruction of the lives of thousands of children in the cause of speed-making as monstrous and inexcusable a phenomenon in the history of a great people? There may be a moral difference between the two things, but I cannot see it. The industrialists, or some of them, accepted child-destruction as part of the price that had to be paid for industrial progress. Many people to-day seem to accept child-destruction as part of the price that has to be paid for traffic progress. Yet, when the Germans killed a comparatively small number of children with bombs from the air they were denounced as baby-killers, as though the killing of a child, even without intending to do so, were the basest act of which a human being is capable. There is something not quite logical in our attitude to baby-killing in its various forms.

No doubt much of our apathy in regard to motoring accidents is due to a feeling of helplessness. We simply do not know what to do about the matter. We doubt the value of a speed limit; we also doubt the value of the abolition of a speed limit. We are told that the law as it stands is strong enough to punish dangerous driving, if the magistrates would enforce it rigorously, but we are also told that the magistrates are mainly motorists and therefore unfair to pedestrians, or alternatively, that the magistrates are mainly ignorant of motoring and therefore unfair to motorists. The chief difficulty in punishing dangerous driving lies, to my mind, not in the unfairness of magistrates but in the infrequency with which it is possible to obtain trustworthy evidence about a motoring accident. The motoring accident happens as a rule before any outsider quite realises what has led up to it. A child running along the pavement suddenly darts across the road without looking to see whether it is clear, and is knocked down by a car. The only person who has seen everything that has happened may be the motorist himself and he could not prevent the accident. A sympathetic bystander, horrified by the accident, may easily persuade himself that the car was travelling at an enormous speed, though it may not have been exceeding twenty miles an hour. How many spectators, even if they are motorists, are capable of estimating the speed of a motor-car? All the evidence that comes before the magistrate in regard to a motoring accident has to be scrupulously examined so that no one may be convicted as a result of a witness's error of judgment, and it is rightly or wrongly an essential part of British justice that the accused man must be given the benefit of the doubt. That, I think, is why the majority of guilty motorists escape punishment—not because the magistrate believes them to be innocent but because he doubts whether they have been proved guilty.

I am sure, also, that both magistrates and witnesses are often lenient to the guilty motorist because they feel that the man he has killed, being already dead, is beyond their help, while the motorist is still alive and his career may be ruined if they send him to gaol as he deserves. It is not as if the motorist had killed his victim deliberately. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he must have suffered keenly because of the appalling result of his having "taken chances." Public opinion does not, as yet, regard him as a criminal to be classed with murderers, thieves and blackmailers. I myself think that there is a small minority of motorists who are a far greater danger to the community than blackmailers. But what means have we to distinguish between these and the motorists who, half innocently, become involved in accidents? If we could discover the means to do so and could convince public opinion that recklessly dangerous driving was a crime deserving of Dartmoor, the road would soon be cleared of the worst kind of dangerous drivers.

I am sure, however, that little will be done till we cease to think of the human race as being divided into two classes with conflicting interests—motorists and pedestrians. One would imagine, listening to some people, that motorists and pedestrians were members of rival nations or rival Churches. Even the A.A.—an organisation to which we all owe an enormous debt and the services of which to the public cannot be over-praised—seems to me at times to be misled by the theory that motorists are a divinely chosen race not to be criticised with impunity. Recently, Lord Trenchard gave reasons for believing that dangerous driving was on the increase. He gave plenty of facts in support of his contention—terrible facts—and an A.A. official at once protested as though Lord Trenchard had been attacking a sacred institution. Now, I am a member of the A.A. myself, but I do not see why I should be expected to look on criticism of bad motorists as an attack on motorists. Every sane motorist knows that it is the bad motorist, even more and infinitely more than the bad pedestrian, who is the enemy. It is in the interest of the motorist no less than the pedestrian that recklessly and selfishly dangerous driving should come to be generally regarded as a crime. To check motorists of this kind I should like to see a speed limit reimposed on all seafronts and in various other places as it is imposed in London parks. The vast majority of motorists, who are careful both of their own and of other people's lives, would, I am sure, be delighted to see the dangerous driver compelled to drive as carefully as themselves.

As for the dangerous pedestrian and the dangerous cyclist, who are careless both of their own and of other people's lives, I admire their courage, but I should like to see them disqualified for long periods from walking or riding on the public roads. Let motorists, pedestrians and cyclists unite then to suppress the criminals in their midst. Y. Y.

Correspondence

POLICE BOMBING

SIR,—Air-Commodore Chamier seems to lose sight of the main point. There may be plenty of truth in his claim that police bombing constitutes a useful baton, but he omits to realise that the retention of that baton will mean that other nations in Europe will regard it as an excuse for them also to retain the right to bomb from the air, in which case the danger to Britain is far greater and more personal than any advantage that might accrue from retention of the said baton. Incidentally, our Government has somewhat corroborated my contention by flatly declining to supply Germany with similar "batons."

It is possible, and perhaps natural, that Air-Commodore Chamier is consciously or unconsciously swayed by keenness on the branch of the Service which he has the honour to adorn, just as Naval men, without even alluding to the Air Services, invariably greet references to disarmament with pleas that the fleets cannot possibly be internationally reduced with safety to the community.

W.C.1. C. CLAXTON TURNER,
Ex-Major, D.C.L.I.

SIR,—Air-Commodore Chamier asks whether it is hard to believe that he was greeted with every sign of pleasure and esteem by certain Afridi chiefs against whom he had just conducted air operations and to whom he was "officially" introduced. No, it is perfectly credible. By being introduced to the chiefs he was meeting those who had suffered least, and in any case he would never have been brought "officially" in contact with persons who showed any inclination to be other than polite to him. May I, with only five years less experience of such countries than his own, say that I agree with him that *in certain areas* the aeroplane may be more humane and certainly more efficient as a "baton" than ground warfare, but that nevertheless there are on principle grave objections to bombing villages?

The main point remains, however, that by forgoing this form of police work the disarmament conference raises the hope that the danger of aerial bombardment of towns throughout the world may be removed, and this is worth a far greater sacrifice than the one entailed. The danger to civilisation from aerial bombardment lies not only in its power for indiscriminate slaughter of non-combatants but its general destructive propensities. The possible, and probable, destruction of the British Museum and other centres of learning will do damage that will be felt long after a new generation has filled up the gaps in individual casualties. History continually shows us the effects upon the human race of such destruction in the past. The murder by a soldier of Archimedes, the destruction of the museum and library at Alexandria, the sack of Rome, brought us to the plight of the Middle Ages.

Until a few years ago we had progressed beyond this difficulty; armies did not make seats of learning their objective, nor slaughter scientists indiscriminately. Aerial bombardment brings us definitely nearer to the destruction of civilisation and as such must be controlled, the only method of control being total abolition. The most ardent militarist should recognise this and join hands with the pacifist to get some restrictions upon destruction, if only to keep the world "safe" for war! PHILIP S. MUMFORD

St. Mary's Grange, Easthorpe,
Kelvedon, Essex.

NATIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY

SIR,—I fear it would tax too much the patience of your readers if I were to answer Mr. Robinson's very interesting letter (published in your issue of July 22nd) in detail. I should like to be allowed, however, to clear up a few points of misunderstanding.

1. Mr. Robinson does me an injustice in saying that I suggested that "it is preposterous for Mr. Keynes to hold that the advantages of international trade are in many cases so small that they can be sacrificed at no great loss" or that I maintained that these losses "cannot be outweighed by any countervailing advantages such as Mr. Keynes has been considering." A second perusal of my letter would, I am sure, convince Mr. Robinson that I carefully refrained from entering into any of these questions. These things (i.e., what one regards as "large" or "small" and what one regards as a counter-balancing non-economic advantage, even assuming that such exist) are matters of subjective valuation which in the last resort must be left to the judgment of each individual. For my part I only questioned a statement of an entirely different character—namely that the *economic* advantages of the international division of labour are incomparably *smaller* to-day than they were in the last century. Regarding this latter point, however, Mr. Robinson's letter is quite inconclusive. It merely says that during the last century some factors at work were likely to make them smaller, other factors at work to make them greater. Unless Mr. Robinson could estimate and compare the magnitude of the one with the magnitude of the other he must admit that on the whole these advantages are just as likely to be greater as to be smaller. There is no *a priori* ground for holding with Mr. Keynes that they are incomparably smaller than they were.

2. In suggesting that the advantages of international trade largely consist in the greater degree of specialisation which it enables, I never meant to assert that *all* economies of large-scale depended upon international trade for their realisation or even that such economies could be gained in the case of *every single* commodity. Mr. Robinson's strictures on "increasing returns," valuable as they are, are therefore somewhat beside the point. Moreover, in my view, the really significant economies of large-scale are those which do not depend upon the output of a single industry but upon the output of the industry as a whole, i.e., the size of the trading body. In many cases where no significant economies could be gained from an increase in the output of a single commodity (the output of the other industries remaining the same) a very considerable reduction of costs would occur if the size of all markets expanded simultaneously. The extent to which *these* economies can be realised essentially depends upon the size of the free-trade area.

3. The reason for selecting the above particular statement of Mr. Keynes for criticism was that it carried the implication that not merely has his own insight in these matters changed but also that the economic case for Free Trade, owing to changes in external circumstances, is itself fundamentally different from what it was—which I think cannot be sustained. Would Mr. Keynes, assuming that he lived in the middle of last century but possessed his present degree of insight, advocate the same policy as he does to-day? And if not, why not? NICHOLAS KALDOR

Budapest I.,
Szentjános tér 1.

BRITISH SUBJECTS IN GERMANY

SIR,—May I, as an Englishman arrested on a political charge in Germany on June 18th, state how very astonished I am at Mrs. Horrabin's protest?

From various sources I have been asked not to divulge any details about my case. The main point, however, is that from the British authorities I received such help and advice and kindness during and after the three days of my arrest that, even to-day, I have not got over the fact that so unimportant a person should be treated in such a manner.

The Consul-General in charge and the Foreign Office spared no time, trouble or money. The Consul gave up his Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Over the week-end (I was arrested Saturday 11 a.m. and released Monday, 10 p.m.) the steps were taken, indeed not simple ones, which secured my release.

I am unemployed, have no private means, and am of no importance whatever, but my British passport was as good to me as a big title and the Rothschild fortune. G. HARCOURT

Y.M.C.A.,
Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

BURNE-JONES

SIR,—A study of all the critiques of the Burne-Jones Centenary Exhibition at the Tate Gallery (about which Mr. Kenneth Clarke wrote so ably last week) has been a most instructive and stimulating experience. If the artist in his Elysian studio is aware of it all, he must be rubbing his hands with impish (?) amusement at the conflicting views which have been expressed as to his capacities as a draughtsman and colourist, and of his powers of self-expression! There are three points in Mr. Clarke's critique which do not straightway pass muster, two as statements of fact and one as fair criticism. He says that the sensuous music of his line and colour was addressed to the eyes and not to the soul; whereas his appeal is straight to the soul's core of those who are attuned to his music (one should perhaps say "wavelength"). Again although, as I was delighted to find, Mr. Clarke considers the early pictures the most beautiful things there, he doubts if he had a spontaneous feeling for colour, which for so many people is *the* attraction of those early paintings. Mr. Clarke criticises the "lack of sensuality" in his nudes: would it be just criticism to charge some of the moderns with lack of Hellenic graciousness and comeliness in *theirs*? When an actress has to express an emotion her form adopts the appropriate attitude. Her object is to impress us not with grace or beauty of her line or form but with the emotion. Burne-Jones, as everyone knows, wished to be judged in a similar way.

Much has been written about his dreamy mysticism and the like. The fact remains that his pictures in their symbolism are vibrant with magical power for many, so that they enter in spirit into the realms of his fancy, as Swinburne represents it (in his Dedication of *Poems and Ballads*, vol. 1). Others hear snatches of the piping of Pan, others again are repelled. Such is Burne-Jones's spell that it is impossible to "size" him apart from the emotions his pictures excite. He cannot be focused under the lens of the scholastic art criticism of to-day because "out of three sounds he frames not a fourth sound but a star." This is why Burne-Jones is remembered enough for a centenary, while a much finer painter who loved to portray movement, action, and "sensuality," is forgotten—Sir John Millais.

Sundown, Bickerton Road, ERNEST S. THOMAS
Headington, Oxford.

THE MOSCOW TRIAL

SIR,—It is true enough that the Soviet courts—as in most systems of justice in a revolutionary period—are directed to make certain distinctions in administering justice in trials for political crimes.

There is nothing new in the information which the *Times* has secured from its favourite source at Riga. At the Moscow trial of the British and Russian engineers Vishinsky, the public prosecutor, repeated, I believe (in slightly different phraseology), a statement in the Soviet Law text-book that in the dispensation of justice a line is to be drawn between the "toiler" and the "class-enemy."

The quotations given by Mr. Lamb serve merely to strengthen my statement that this trial was conducted "as fairly as any similar trial could be conducted in any country in the world." All the prisoners were in Soviet eyes "class-enemies" of the worst description—spies and wreckers charged with counter-revolutionary activities punishable, according to the Soviet code, by death. It is notorious that even in an English court of justice political revolutionary crimes are regarded by judges with particular severity; and I doubt whether, even in an English court, either Russians or Englishmen charged with offences aimed at the existing regime would have been treated in court with so much consideration or would have been so mildly punished.

I repeat that the court procedure in general and in detail was fair, scrupulous, and free from violence or intimidation, and that in some respects the prisoners had better opportunities of stating their case than they would have had in this country. The conduct of the trial was, in fact, a creditable performance on which the Soviets, at any rate, can look back with considerable satisfaction.

What really surprised foreigners unfamiliar with Soviet courts was the distinction made not between "toilers" and "class-enemies," but between Russian "class-enemies" and alleged English "class-enemies." Here again the court, through the public prosecutor, strongly insisted on this distinction. In other words, the court regarded it as a much more serious crime for a Soviet citizen than for "a foreign employee of a private firm" to act against the State.

When Mr. Lamb asks, "Who is right, Mr. Cummings or the correspondent of the *Times*?" the answer is: "Mr. Cummings is right, and even the Riga correspondent of the *Times* was not wrong."

Another correspondent, Mr. Carr-Gomm, thinks too hopefully that he can explain why "an innocent man should have written with his own hand a detailed confession directly incriminating many of his own colleagues in an offence punishable by death." Personally, I shall not attempt to explain it here. The thing remains as "amazing" as ever. There was no suggestion by any of the prisoners in court that any one of them was "by threats, by tricks and devices, by false suggestions, by banishing all counsel and friends, and by lowering the diet, reduced to a condition in which the prosecutor wrung out of his victim what he desired." Though invited both by the President and by the prosecuting counsel in open court to say what "frightened" him, and challenged again and again to indicate any third degree methods, the only specific complaint Thornton made was that of long questioning.

Thornton had had opportunities before the trial of repudiating his confession, but he did not do so until he was in the dock. Monkhouse also complained of being questioned at much length. No such complaints were advanced by Macdonald, Gregory, Cushny or Nordwall.

There is no doubt Thornton and Monkhouse were questioned at considerable length in the preliminary investigation. The answer of the Soviets to these complaints is that they had to press on to the completion of the case with great rapidity owing to the urgent requests of the British Government to avoid delay. I am quite sure the Ogpu interrogators would in any case have questioned these gentlemen at length if they had considered it worth while. So, of course, would the secret police questioners in France, in the U.S.A., in Italy, in Germany, and elsewhere.

News Chronicle, ARTHUR J. CUMMINGS
19-22 Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Miscellany

WILD PYGMIES AFLOAT

ON the deck of a ship travelling from England to China I thought at first that I should find no one to look at and listen to except "China Hands" (European residents in China)—who wear always the same set of faces and talk always about the same set of things. And yet suddenly one day it occurred to me to look and to listen on a new level, and I found myself in a new world—a world completely foreign to me—as foreign as a jungle full of wild pygmies. I mean the world of the children on board. I am unused to children, and, as a rule, find them more surprising than charming. They deserve, I think, the tribute of surprise, and they would repay study from the *surprised* angle, I suggest, rather than from the maternal or avuncular angle—the point of view of grown-ups who "understand" children so well that they never look at them or listen to them. Too often observers in that icy world of the very young wrap their perceptions in wrappings of patronising tolerance—"Dear little mites . . . funny little things . . . quaint little minds developing. . . ." Too rarely does a dispassionate and respectful explorer eavesdrop in the jungle thoroughfares of that far world. There is a crying need for a Baedeker to supply us with careful notes about landmarks, and industrious comments on manners and customs—and yet there are points that a Baedeker might miss. . . .

It seems to me that there is no such thing as youth, except in comparison with age. Children in the presence of children are not Little Things at all; they are more appallingly mature than we, the middle-aged, ever dare to be. Left to themselves, the children on board played deck games with an austerity seldom shown by their elders; they were pedantic abiders by the rules of games. They were intensely serious in all that they did when they were alone in their own world; really "childish" romps and screaming merriments were indulged in only when grown-ups joined in. The conversations I overheard between little girls were always either instructive or boastful. "There's a place called Siberia, yes—but there's no place called *Liberia*. . . . My Granny's put her pearls in the bank. . . . It's the steam that makes the ship go along; a man called Stephenson saw a tea-kettle. . . . No, silly, the sea is billions of miles deep. . . . No, of course you couldn't see Australia unless you had a telescope a mile big. . . . I've got five pairs of shoes; how many have you got? . . . They have camels in Africa. . . . Prussia is the capital of Germany." The conversation of little boys, though equally unsmiling, was wilder, and made me, as a tourist in this strange region, feel very ignorant and far from home. Boys' conversation seemed to be always accompanied by uncomfortable physical impacts. Two sane and serious little boys, proceeding down the deck by means of a series of painful collisions, were heard by me to converse as follows: "Hit you before you can say Jub. Jub-jub. I hit you first. No you didn't. Yes I did. No you didn't. Yes I did. No you didn't. Jub. Penny for a Jub. Dirty liar! Well then, that's sevenpence, Sevenpence halfpenny. Halfpenny, hawpenny, huppenny. Yaypenny, yawpenny, yuppenny. Hit you for a shilling. Can you talk like this: Smile Smit you for a smilling? (Appreciative laughter.) Smilling. Smilling. Smelling. You're a smeller. Smeller yourself. Hit you for a smeller. . . ." etc., etc. It was with a kind of awe that I watched them lurch bumpily away. It did not seem to me that this kind of talk could be labelled as a rudimentary experiment in the language that we elders talk—it was surely a fundamentally different language. Not only were the phrases alarmingly foreign but the mind from which such strange dark utterances sprang was wholly incalculable. It would be impossible even for the genius of Mr. Hugo or Mr. Berlitz to reduce the significance of such talk to a system. Yet significance there must be, for the speakers indubitably understood each other. They did not feel like budding intelligences—like Dear Little Fellows—they were, it seemed to me, mature inhabitants of a foreign land, exchanging ideas.

The children's world was conspicuously homogeneous, although our ship was a cosmopolitan one. Passengers on board included English, French, Japanese, Danish, Armenian, Italian and Eurasian families—to name only those represented in the pygmy world of my desultory exploration. To each other, the children of these various races seemed scarcely alien at all. We grown-ups were obviously the aliens—even English grown-ups to English children—Japanese to Japanese. We were left isolated, living in our distant dull bleak world, practising odd dull nagging manners and customs, with the vocabulary of which the children were kind enough to acquire a polite skeleton acquaintance. "Yes, mother . . . non, papa . . . yes, I washed my hands . . . no, I'm not cold . . . oui, maman, tout de suite." The children threw such sops to those large intrusive barbarians, their elders, and then turned with relief one to another, as a tourist relaxes when he may speak his own language.

English was the common language of the children—in so far as the language they spoke could be classified under any known heading at all. Even the French twins, after a week on board, talked English to each other, just as in the talkies Spanish villains, Russian Nihilists, French seducers, hatching their nefarious plots (unaware that the American hero is listening from the cupboard)—the comic French husband and wife pursuing their laughably Latin domesticities in the scullery, far removed from the dignified Nordics in the drawing-room—always address one another in broken American.

Almost all the older children were girls and were also English, so that the tone of the jungle world was pitched on a rather Amazonian, and very British, note. Girls, whether English, Japanese, Danish or French, were the aristocrats and bullies of the world. Large and small, the girls all had readier wits and more stinging tongues than boys; the boys tyrannised only for a moment, usually by forcible means; the girls tyrannised persistently, in speech. There was a little Armenian boy—a courageous and aggressive personality—who was, unfortunately, dressed all wrong. He was too well dressed, really; he wore little shooting stockings, little tan leather Oxford shoes, embroidered braces, a little striped shirt and tie . . . his hair was brushed upwards into an oily crest of curls. All the other children—even the Japanese—wore bathing suits and sand-shoes or almost transparent cotton frocks and shirts. This in itself made an outlaw of the Armenian. To the orthodox inhabitant of that world, the splendid unfortunate clothes were an excuse for unremitting persecution, and though the unlucky child spoke English much better than, for instance, the Japanese children, his clothes brought the deficiencies of his speech into the limelight. "He wants his *deener*—he's hungry for his *deener*—there's the *deener* bell, darling—his *deener*—his *deener*—his *deener* . . ." the pack of the elect would cry—not once—not twice—not fifty times, but hundreds and hundreds of times, following the abashed outlaw about. The sneer never wore thin, nor did its continual application ever rub a callous spot upon the sensibility of the otherwise bold Armenian. As a tactic it succeeded as well on the five-hundredth repetition as it did on the second. It would have been easy (a grown-up might imagine) for the victim to parody with equal venom the scarcely intelligible English of some of his persecutors. But he did not. I think his clothes betrayed him in this war of wits. Instead, he joined a band of brigands (as many broken-hearted outcasts have done before him). The band included only one other member—the French boy twin. The French boy's accent was just as un-English as the Armenian's, but his clothes were perfect in their easy untidiness, so he escaped persecution. He had become a brigand, I suppose, through sheer brigandishness. The activities of this evil pair interested me even more than did the manners and customs of the law-abiding pygmies. They were incurable destroyers; I remember such spoilers of the innocent in my own seaside youth—ranging along the beach kicking down the sand-cities on the making of which we virtuous creators had spent the resources of our souls—running away with the balls of players of stump cricket or rounders—throwing sand at the studios—overthrowing buckets containing priceless accumulations of crabs and shrimps. So that although words could cause the two brigands to slink away, with an expression of impotent and sullen loathing on their faces—although by words they might be undone—by action they could always reinstate their unrighteous self-respect. In the arts of upsetting pedal motor cars—hiding the accessories of deck games—scribbling on the chalked works of art left about by the righteous—tangling the wool of cross-stitch fanatics—bursting balloons—treading on beloved hoards of shells—detaching carefully parked dolls' perambulators from their moorings—raiding unguarded chocolate boxes—they showed a devilish skill. But if they were challengers and rivals to their contemporaries—compatriots in their jungle—they were ruthless tyrants to those negligible aliens, their elders. There was a law in our ship that everyone—grown-ups and children—must sleep, or at least be silent, from half-past one till three in the afternoon. Deck games were swept away, gramophones were gagged, pianos were locked up, small babies were banished to the bowels of the ship. People said "*Ssssh*" if a neighbour so much as hiccoughed. But no law, written or unwritten, could suppress the two young brigands. Every afternoon, as though fulfilling a sacred duty or redeeming a vow, they would make the round of the deck-chairs of unconscious grown-ups—first in front, pulling the toes of male sleepers, and then behind, pulling the back hair of female sleepers. "Wegg up, wegg up," the French boy would say in a most endearing, flutelike voice; his Armenian colleague would accompany him on the mouth organ. When I first watched this fearful deed my heart stood still; it seemed so inordinately daring and, considering the smallness of the tyrants and the largeness of the victims, so insanely dangerous. But no effective protest was ever made; the brigands were never forced to regret their criminal temerity, or to discontinue their daily round of wickedness. This was partly because both were very agile and very innocent looking, and partly because the repartee of grown-ups is never at its most withering at the instant of awakening. Adult revenge soared no higher than, "Hay—what's that? Get out—shut up—hrrgh, whazza matter . . ." heard by no ear but mine (since the brigands never waited to gloat over the agonies of their victims).

Yes, certainly I was more interested in the brigands than in the elect, during my incursion into that wild world. I suppose this was because their success was the result of immoral ingenuity rather than moral superiority. The brigands were self-made human beings; the elect had inherited their superior rightness from a long line of boys and girls, dating from Abel, the first Good Child. It was the maturity, the assurance, of the elect that frightened me; it made me feel that we grown-ups, all down the ages, had been making an appalling and undignified mistake in trying to interfere in the development of minds that moved on such a remote and lofty plane. We had been missionaries preaching our confused petty gospels to angels—snake-charmers piping our weak tootles to tactfully deaf dragons. I blushed all over to remember complacent grown-up records of and references to these proud cool aliens—jokes in *Punch*—(cos Mummy sez so)—stories for Our Toddlers by loving ladies—pictures by Arthur J. Ellersley (I'se bigger'n you, doggie)—some of the juvenile books of Mr. Kipling (Dearly belovedest, teeniest, weeniest . . .). But the brigands comforted me a good deal; the brigands brought my homesick adult self-respect home from the distant and sublime; what were the brigands after all, I thought, but two naughty little boys? No grown-up could possibly be committing an impertinence in smacking their two little heads. And for this reason my heart warmed every time I saw the brigands coming along the deck on some errand of torment, and I was delighted that, almost the last day of the voyage, the junior brigand had a great triumph. It was the French boy-twin who was thus favoured by immoral fortune; he it was who took the responsibility of turning our great ship round upon her tracks—a real achievement for any outlaw of seven years old.

I cannot decide whether the story of this incident is an occult one, or simply the story of a naughty little boy. In any case, here it is.

We had on board our ship a youth who had been giving the ship's doctor cause for anxiety during the whole voyage. The lad had failed in his examinations for the career to which he had dedicated himself, and was being returned to his parents—a failure. He lay brooding in his cabin constantly, he would not eat, he would not read; the doctor was his constant visitor, but suicide was the only theme that interested the despairing youth. On the day I am describing I was sitting on a lonely deck, for once neglecting my scientific eavesdroppings into the affairs of those Wild Pygmies Afloat who so interested me. The only person in sight was the suicidal youth, who was leaning on the rail looking ardently at the sea. The sea happened to be so beautiful that evening that even deck golfers could be heard in the distance saying, "Look, isn't the sea topping; come, partner, your shot, one up and two to play." The sea was calm and very highly glazed, those facets of the lazy waves that faced the sunset were wine red; the shadowed surfaces were a brilliant slate blue. Titanic scrawls were scratched upon the huge polished slate of the sea. It occurred to me that the melancholic lad must feel such a sea to be peculiarly tempting, and, indeed, he seemed to fix his eyes with extraordinary intensity upon the disturbed foamy pearl water immediately below him; he had no use for the splendid horizon. All at once there was a general fuss all over the ship; stewards ran here and there; ran to our deck, looked wildly at us and hurried away; there was some shouting; the captain hurried from his golf to the bridge; the ship turned round, flinging the sunset from starboard to port and carving a perfect circle in the sea, and began to return along the groove she had already cut. The doctor appeared, and looked oddly at his suicidal patient. The youth still leaned upon the rail, staring at the sea, ignoring all this pother. From the doctor I learned that the little French boy—the outlaw—had seen a man in the sea; he had screamed loudly, and his mother and a Japanese fellow-passenger, running up, believed that they had seen a hand sticking up out of the sea. The ship, during one hour, fared hither and thither, conscientiously pursuing this tragic will-o'-the-wisp of a story. Passengers and crew were all carefully accounted for; no one was missing. The little French boy, white with excitement, helped in all these activities; to be promoted to the rank of almighty—or at any rate, the almightiest in sight—if only for an hour, is *something*—at seven years old.

Nobody will ever know if the little brigand deliberately hoaxed his eight hundred victims; if his demoniac enthusiasm imposed an illusion upon his mother and the other woman, or if he really did see a man in the sea. I tried to penetrate the innocent cold mask of his proud face, but nobody can know the secrets of his incredible far world. It is a moon world; no science can account for all its mysteries. The little brigand will never tell the truth about what he saw—*can*, indeed, never tell the truth, for the truth is not cosmopolitan enough to be common both to his world and mine. As for the young melancholic, he can never tell the truth either, perhaps he can never explain what curious power of self-projection his silly young broken heart may have drawn from the sunset invitation of that deadly beautiful sea. Watching the youth's drawn, unreticent face of self-hatred, I thought how much younger we grow as we emerge from that hard chrysalis of maturity we call childhood.

STELLA BENSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo

The Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo, whose season at the Alhambra has been extended till August 11th, continue to present a new ballet each week. Last week, for the first time in this country, they gave *Nocturne*, with scenery and costumes by Count Etienne de Beaumont, music by Rameau adapted by Roger Desormier and choreography by David Lichine. The story is that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which, though in the first instance essentially English, has become so much a heritage of European culture that it now belongs to all. The scenery is charmingly ethereal. The greyish-white background and tall thin trees give a feeling of space, and form a suitable setting for the delightful costumes, which would have looked even better if the lighting had been more subdued. The dances of Mlle. Danilova and M. Massine as Titania and Oberon were exquisitely performed. M. Lichine was a gay and mischievous Puck, but in his dance as one of the comedians in a face mask earlier in the ballet he was not so happy. He made several purposeless pauses which suggested uncertainty and gave a ragged impression. M. Lichine, whose first essay at choreography this is, is a first-class dancer whose choreography is not quite equal to its task in the larger ensembles. The dances for individuals and minor ensembles were very good throughout. They had unity of purpose, clarity of expression, and sharpness of outline. The company has set itself a very high standard and the dancing could scarcely be better. *La Concurrence* gives an opportunity to about a dozen performers to show their powers either singly or in pairs, and *Les Presages*, which is in every respect the most significant ballet presented this season, shows the company to be of the great Diaghileff tradition and its most worthy successor.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 5th—
- I.L.P. National Summer School, Digswell Park Conference House, Welwyn. Lectures by A. Fenner Brockway, James Maxton, J. Middleton Murry, and others.
- "Navy Weeks," Portsmouth, Devonport and Chatham.
- "The Belle of New York," Garrick Theatre.
- "The Rose Without a Thorn," St. George's, Canterbury.

MONDAY, August 7th—
- Welsh National Eisteddfod, Wrexham.

TUESDAY, August 8th—
- Dublin Horse Show.
- "The Skin Game," St. George's, Canterbury.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN she was a little girl, a friend of mine used to retire behind the curtains in the window with pencil and paper and jot down all the remarks of a single one of the guests gathered round the congealing muffineer and empty tea-cups. She was a child and the youngest of the family, and none of the grown-ups suspected her of taking notes. I understand the results were extremely funny, and only a page had to be read aloud for her elder sisters to recognise which guest she had selected to report even though proper names had been left out. The victim always spoke in his own character, and the unreported parts of a general conversation filled, what was read as a monologue, with ludicrous *non sequiturs* and jumps of subject. After reading *Volume The First* which I discussed on this page a few weeks ago, I strongly suspect that Jane Austen had a similar habit, and either noted down or committed to memory actual remarks that she overheard. A complete conversation, even if a witty talker be present, is said to be painfully flat when reproduced, and the joke which raises a roar at the table misses its point when reported verbatim. It seems indeed too much like a slow-motion film of Larwood bowling. In real life it appears that we all repeat slight variations of the same joke two or three times and break off to tell each other how good it is. And, what is worse, a great many sentences are interrupted by bad listeners before they are finished, or expire in a dithering manner after they have caught the ear of the company. Before it can read like an actual conversation what we say when we talk to each other has to be very extensively re-written. Otherwise it would be unrecognisable. But though we are not witty we do apparently all speak in character. And it is character that the little girl behind the curtains was after, and character is the novelists' chief difficulty.

* * *

Miss Ivy Compton Burnett is a very individual writer whose work has been very highly praised by many discerning critics. I have not read *Pastors and Masters* or *Men and Wives*, but I was very much struck by *Brothers and Sisters*, and have just finished her new novel *More Women Than Men* (Heinemann, 7*s*. 6*d*.). It is a book with a highly dramatic, even melodramatic, plot of which Mrs. Henry Wood might have been glad for a variation on the theme of *East Lynne*. The central figure is the headmistress of a girls' school, a woman with a great love of power, and most of the characters are her dependents or in her employment. She is strange to us. We believe in her but we do not see completely into her heart. And in passing I should like to point out that the huge school building is silent. One is aware of the numbers of rooms and the staircases, but one never hears the shuffle of feet as the class breaks up, or the torrent of boots tearing down the corridor. The school is there but the children are so quiet that it seems always to be the middle of the night. Indeed one sees but one child:

> Josephine paused, and perceiving that this limit to her words had caused a miscalculation waited with her eyes down, as if under the influence of her feelings, until a little girl, carrying a bouquet, approached the platform. "Now here are two charming things," she said, standing with the bouquet in one hand and the other on the child's head. "I do not know which gives me the more pleasure, but I do know which is the more important; and I think I cannot end better than by saying that there can be no one present to whom it is more important than it is to me."

Apart from this amusing scene there is an almost complete absence of local colour which is very characteristic of the author. She is astonishingly economical and sees no reason for a background put in just for the sake of verisimilitude if it is irrelevant to her purpose, and maybe she feels that it would clash with the other necessary background of the past of which we must remain constantly aware.

* * *

The plot is the thing: we must have a plot just as hounds must have scent even if it be only a drag of aniseed, but a plot is meaningless without the characters who enact it. We must distinguish them and be acutely aware of their personalities. This Miss Compton Burnett succeeds in doing. All of the women and the young drawing master collected in the senior mistresses' room are completely separate people in the reader's mind. But how we know them so well is a considerable mystery. The book is very largely written in the form of conversation, but there is nothing about it of the reporter's realism which I began by describing. The book would gain immensely if there were, since the startling illusion that one is hearing their authentic words makes persons real as nothing else can.

Miss Compton Burnett's characters converse as no collection of people have ever done. The dialogue is stilted, artificial, and reminiscent of the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century—as unreal as anything by Wilde or Meredith. They are always tripping each other up verbally like characters on the stage.

> "What is your verdict upon Mr. Bacon's presence in your common room?"
>
> "By no means an open verdict," said Miss Luke.
>
> "I'm sure it is not," said Josephine, with a smile of fellow feeling. "But seriously, do you not think him a very brilliant and polished man?"
>
> "We could not think it more seriously than we do," said Helen.

I insist on this because there is hardly a single page of conversation in which the characters do not take each other up and quibble wittily about words like Shakespeare's clowns. It is all very well for Mr. Bacon, who is a whimsical man of forty, but nothing could be more out of character for several of the downright mistresses than this niggling wit.

* * *

Yet the thoughts which underlie their words, their attitudes of mind on different occasions, are completely convincing and realistic. The reader is given two doubtful pleasures—first of following and sometimes having to puzzle out this "brilliant" Meredithian conversation, and secondly of following the ramifications of a complicated and sophisticated plot which is revealed to him with marvellous economy. That, perhaps, should be enough for anyone, but it is by no means enough for me. What I like is a third quite different quality which is as elusive as the associations of sweeping old silk dresses which have lain for forty years in lavender. It is a flavour which is quite personal to this queer writer and I am puzzled how to define it. It is as though one had met the Marx Brothers behaving with comic decorum at an evening party. Her charm is a combination of that kind of eccentricity with the limitation of the range of colours on her palette, her remarkable economy. Perhaps it is the last of these that explains why she is so good.

> Felix danced towards Jonathan and took a seat on his knee, the older man moving his arm as if accustomed to the position. "What would your father say if he knew all our life together?"
>
> "I don't think he uses words about everything."

In those lines we are given the story of the clergyman who retained the last of his pupils, the baronet's son, for twenty-two years, and the picture is completed a hundred pages farther on in two sentences:

> Sir Robert agreed and moved on to offer a formal handshake to Jonathan. Jonathan returned it in a cringing manner, stooping and looking shorter than he was, and vanished into the crowd.

Such surprising and illuminating passages take one's breath away after the "brilliant" stilted conversations.

In view of such a special gift for condensing the significant thing into a phrase what does it matter that she makes this clerk in Holy Orders acknowledge his own illegitimate child and pretend to his sister and the world that he is a widower at a time when he is taking in pupils, all without a breath of scandal? Her economy safeguards her and enables her to dispose of all difficulties in a masterly style. We only grin a little at:

> The doctor gave the diagnosis of instantaneous death. The temple had been struck on the fatal spot.

DAVID GARNETT.

AFRICAN SLAVERY, AND AFTER—

The British Anti-Slavery Movement. By R. COUPLAND. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2s. 6d.

Some fine day the modern world may emerge from chaos to comparative prosperity. If that ever happens, it is reasonably certain that a new scramble to profit from the untapped resources of Africa will give that continent more importance in world affairs than it has had for some time. Unless, in the meantime, ordered and accurate knowledge displaces mere glamour and romance, there may come need, yet again, to "pity the poor African." Since the days when Livingstone worked, and wrote, and died, for the healing of "the open sore" of slavery, even the glamour has perhaps rather faded. There is little romance about the relations of Africans with white settlers, or even about the quiet and unobtrusive work of administrative officers and others, under whom, or in spite of whom, a new Africa is slowly emerging.

Most of us habitually forget the heavy African responsibilities resting directly on the Government and people of Great Britain. The centenary of the Emancipation Act is an opportunity for those who know and care to refresh British memories about the history and nature of those responsibilities; and the editors of the Home University Library have done a service by securing Professor R. Coupland to tell the story of *The British Anti-Slavery Movement.* This he has done, in amazingly small space, with the clear freshness which only a master of his subject can command. The incredible havoc wrought in Africa by centuries of slave-raiding and slave-trading is sketched in, with vivid touches, as the sombre background for the often-described horrors of the "Middle Passage" which, with the abuses inevitable in the plantations, roused some of our great-grandfathers to active and successful agitation. The blighting effects of slavery remain, even in modern Africa.

The story of the long crusade is admirably told. Even after Granville Sharp's persistence had wrung from Lord Mansfield the judgment which freed some 15,000 slaves in Britain itself, it took a generation to secure the Act of 1807 abolishing the slave-trade. With all the talent of the country, Fox, Pitt, Burke, on the right side, the organising genius of Clarkson and the parliamentary leadership of Wilberforce were hard put to it to overcome the vested interests of the West Indians, aided as these were latterly by the distractions of the French war. Then came the gradual realisation that slavery, incapable of mending, must be ended. By itself, restriction of the supply only intensified the horrors of the trade. Rival powers and local interests heavily obstructed the best repressive efforts of the British Navy. British planters, moreover, blindly resisted all attempts at "amelioration." Slavery being, as Homer sang, such as to "take away the half of a man's virtue," and, as the author himself adds, "injurious to the master's morals also," mere "reform" was in fact and inherently impossible. Even emancipation, the avowed aim only after 1823, achieved, under Fowell Buxton, in 1833, was still far from being the end. It took another thirty years and more to break the sea-borne slave-trade; and the last slave-gang was freed near Lake Nyasa, we are told, so lately as 1898.

Writing of this later phase, Professor Coupland recognises the conflict of motives which led to the wholesale annexation of African territory by European powers. Hopefully, he inclines to the view that humanitarian motives were, if anything, stronger than those of economic imperialism. Livingstone and others, it is true, believed strongly in British control as the only cure for slave-raiding, and the flag often followed the missionary. Pray, then, that he be right! and that the judgment hold good in the present, and for the future. Some of us have grave doubts. As Professor Coupland himself says, in his last paragraph, the anti-slavery movement has not ended, even with the international outlawry of slavery: it was but "one aspect of a larger theme—the age-long conflict between the diverse races of mankind . . . between strong and weak." And as the Cape stalwart, Dr. John Philip, foretold in 1833, a new monster—Exploitation—has arisen, like a phoenix, out of the ashes of the old colonial slavery. The emancipated slave, nominally free but still backward, has yet to find his sure place in the more advanced political and economic world to which he has been transplanted. The battle of to-day seems more desperate: for the humanitarian now, disillusioned about his own civilisation, lacks the inspiration and the sublime confidence of his predecessors a century ago.

Where Professor Coupland has given so much, in severely limited space, it is ungrateful to be querulous, even at the expense of the editors of his series. Confining the theme so strictly to the "British" movement makes the story just a little complacent. If Britons undoubtedly led the attack on slavery, others helped. The barring of slavery is said to be the one positive achievement of international law. And in face of that "larger theme," the adjustment of the relations of advanced and backward peoples, it is fatal to give any kind of countenance to the belief, incredibly widespread in responsible British circles, that all is well if only the map of Africa be painted British-red. It may be true and significant that the British people *knew* better than others how "damnable a business" the slave-trade was. If they did, their knowledge was due to the hard "research" of Clarkson and others. Left to itself, even "the sober good-nature of the British people" might have been slow to believe in iniquity, and as tolerant then of abuses as of some that persist in its own dominions to this day. The decisive thing was surely not a "popular movement," but the passionate faith, and the importunity, of a few like Wilberforce and Buxton and other "Saints"—all of them believers in human brotherhood, a select few convinced of the sovereign efficacy of freedom.

It remains that in the continuing battle for the freedom of Africa the story of the Anti-Slavery Movement "supplies," as Professor Coupland claims, indispensable "inspiration and incentive," and that his own book is here an invaluable introduction and guide.

W. M. MACMILLAN

LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

The Queen and Mr. Gladstone. Edited by P. Guedalla. Vol. 1, 1845–1879. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 25s.

Mr. Guedalla has performed a very useful service in preparing for publication in two volumes the complete correspondence between Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone. Herewith is the first volume, of which the most important part covers the period of the 1868 administration. This volume contains 625 documents, of which only ninety-one have already been published in whole or in part. In a very general way, the results of this publication are what might have been expected. In 1868 the Queen was favourably disposed towards the Minister who was the pupil of Peel, and had been a favourite of the Prince Consort. By 1874 friendliness had given way to a formality, which verged on dislike, though we are never anywhere near the violence of the 'eighties. The difference, too, was more personal than political. The Queen, in fact, raised but little objection to the legislative output of the Ministry. The causes of estrangement were personal and petty, and induced by Mr. Gladstone's very proper desire that Royalty should perform some of the services for which it was intended. Complete abstinence from public life could only give strength to the republican movement, which was showing itself in the 'seventies. The Queen, unfortunately, was experiencing "the change of life," and though perfectly able to do anything she wanted, including "running over to Baden," became quite hysterical if it was suggested that she should do anything which was distasteful to her. Mr. Gladstone with considerable imagination realised the genuineness of "nerves," but urged on by the gravity of the situation and to a certain extent by the Queen's Secretary, General Grey, who was Whiggishly unsympathetic to royal hysterics, pushed his point of view with a courteous insistence which was not only exasperating but useless. For only ill-health, amounting to mental derangement, can explain a letter like the following:

> Windsor Castle, July 6th, 1869.
>
> The Queen is much surprised at being *again* teazed and tormented about this Bridge having 3 weeks ago—nearly—been asked by Mr. Gladstone that as the Queen cld not open the Bridge and Viaduct the fatigue of the whole thing being *much too great and a day commencing in the* HEAT being *impossible* cld the Queen on returning from Balmoral in the Autumn drive *to the Bridge*: she replied that she cld NOT promise, but that if she cld she wld. But that it cld *not* be before the *6th of Nov*, and certainly NOT *in Oct*, and quite a short ceremony *without* any luncheon *anywhere*. Pray make *this* very *positive*.
>
> The P of Wales will *not* the Queen fears, be able to open the Viaduct unless it should be at the end of Aug. or in Oct.

This was one of the disadvantages of seclusion. Her own retirement made it harder to shut the Prince of Wales out of sight. And here was the second cause of annoyance, in which the Queen manoeuvred brilliantly and was triumphant. By means of preventing the Prince doing anything else, she drove Mr. Gladstone into a tactical disadvantage where he could suggest nothing save that the Prince should represent the Crown in Ireland, a course which would have the additional and grave advantage of abolishing the ridiculous vice-royalty, a reform which would have pleased nearly everyone except a few shopkeepers in Dublin. The proposal was not a happy one. As the Queen pointed out, the Prince would have been surrounded by the worst company and he himself did not wish it. Then, as no other suggestion seemed feasible, the matter dropped, the Prince was shoved back into obscurity and all was for the best in the most selfish of possible worlds.

These are the two most important controversies in a volume which is all the way through in the highest degree readable and amusing.

Young Mr. Trevelyan got into trouble in the very first days of the Ministry and Mr. Gladstone showed a masterly obscurity of diction in getting him out of the mess :

> Mr. Trevelyan's error was in part due to rashness, connected with inexperience, but undoubtedly in part also to a slip of the tongue, the employment of words he did not mean to use, and then a momentary confusion resulting from a painful sense of his lapse, these casualties as Mr. Gladstone knows alike from observation and experience, happen to persons who have not, like Mr. Trevelyan, the excuse of youth.

Translate this sentence into English. FRANCIS BIRRELL

SCOTTISH LITERATURE

An Historical Survey of Scottish Literature to 1714. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE, M.A., D.Litt. *Alexander Maclehose.* 10s. 6*d*.

Miss Mackenzie possesses the two main qualifications for a literary historian : an easy intimacy with her subject, and a fine and independent literary taste. She has also a third virtue which raises this volume far above the class of the text book : a sensitive love and understanding of the diverse manifestations of the Scottish genius. Her enthusiasm is at times, perhaps, too militant, leading her to attack somewhat shadowy or even imaginary detractors ; but her book gives one a more vivid sense of the richness and uniqueness of Scottish literature than any other one dealing with the subject that I have read, and if she makes the richness sometimes a little richer than the reality, that is an unusual fault in a literary historian. All students of Scottish poetry must feel grateful to her.

It is the freshness and independence of Miss Mackenzie's judgments in particular that make the reading of this book an exciting experience. All the documents of Scottish literature, even the oldest, come to life as she touches them. She is especially good on Barbour's *The Brus*, which she classes boldly as " a serious ' Life and Times ' " in verse : an excellent piece of criticism, which for the first time, so far as I know, does justice to that undervalued work. On Henryson, who at his greatest excelled all other Scottish poets, she is almost equally good, though in his case she does not stick to her original independence of judgment. She allows that he was " a greater *man* than William Dunbar, with a type of mind that in ' literary ' poetry—there is plenty in the ballads—Scotland was scarcely to see again until the closing chapters of *Waverley*." But then she goes on to say that " of all the Scots writers of his age, Dunbar is, taking him all round, the most considerable," and in so doing falls into confusion, for if Henryson was greater on what grounds can Dunbar be held more considerable ? In *The Testament* Henryson achieved that high magnanimous temper which comes from the disinterested exercise of the imagination on a great theme. Dunbar never did ; one feels that he was disinterested, at most, in his contemplation of sensuous beauty, as in the lovely second verse of *The Goldyn Targe*. Even in his dirge for the dead Makars the refrain, which gives the whole flavour and quintessence of Dunbar, is " Timor mortis conturbat *me*." He had, as Miss Mackenzie says, " a fine, firm, intellectual quality ; an intense degree of the ' more than ordinary organic (= sensory) sensibility ' that Wordsworth considered the essential of the creative temperament, and a spectacular technical accomplishment." It is the picture of a brilliant, fascinating, but somewhat barren writer. Dunbar never got away from himself ; we see him nagging, flyting, begging, complaining, making merry, sometimes even praying ; but all these activities seem private, parochial, occasional, compared with the high imagination that could realise objectively the tragic destiny of Cresseid. Nor does Dunbar ever achieve the pure loveliness of Alexander Scott's lyrics, to which Miss Mackenzie does full justice :

> Lufe is ane fervent fire
> Kendillit without desire.
> Short plesour, lang displesour :
> Repentance is the hire.
> Ane pure tressour without mesour,
> Lufe is ane fervent fire.

On the ballads Miss Mackenzie is unexpectedly disappointing, disposing of them with perfunctory rhetoric, instead of giving them the serious attention they call for, saying, for instance, of *Helen of Kirkconnel* that " the threefold rhyme drives a slow sword through the heart," which it certainly does not. She is also somewhat unjust to Knox's prose style, which was not only trenchant, but on occasion noble. She treats Samuel Rutherford, that queer ecstatic Calvinist whose prose used to excite the admiration of Mr. Blatchford, far too curtly. She insists on calling James Melville, the delightful diarist, Andrew after his uncle. She cannot help administering a succession of hard digs at the movement which at present goes under the name of the Scottish Literary Renaissance, whose initiator was Hugh M'Diarmid, a very Scottish poet, and a poet of genius. These are faults that might have been avoided, the last quite easily ; but they do not detract seriously from the value of her book, the bias being quite frank, and therefore easy to allow for. Everyone interested in Scottish literature should read this book, and should make the necessary allowances. EDWIN MUIR

A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

Elizabeth, Queen of England. By MILTON WALDMAN. *Longmans.* 12s. 6*d*.

The mysterious virgin who came to rule over the English during one of the greatest crises the nation has ever survived will probably remain, at least so far as her personality is concerned, an enigma to posterity. One may guess, and guess brilliantly ; but the Sphinx, even if it ever propounded its riddle (which is doubtful), by the emphasis of silence denies us the answer. We know that she spat and swore and danced, and that the vulgar cackle of her laughter—excited by some lewd joke—resounded at all hours in the Palace of Whitehall. But we know, too, that she spoke and wrote with all the glittering, savage beauty that seemed the natural inheritance of that potent age ; and far surpassed, in a knowledge of the classics, her immortal jack-of-all-trades Master Shakespeare. Examining her extraordinary flirtations with Leicester and Essex we write her down a proper woman—which the political management of her virginity makes us immediately suspect. Neither can she be summed up as the focus of everything Elizabethan ; for who, in those go-getting times, could safely procrastinate or indulge in the quality of mercy ? Yet Elizabeth, in a warlike era, was a pronounced pacifist ; in matters where urgency was above all things important, she drove Cecil (who of all her subjects most closely resembled her) nearly frantic with her daily indecisions and waverings ; and such was her unheard-of clemency that the pretty, fickle, traitorous Queen of Scots was allowed to plot her death for eighteen years before Walsingham's trap at last made it inevitable that that folly could no longer be borne with impunity to the realm. Indeed, she said of herself that she was wedded to England ; and perhaps, even if (psychologically) this is an unsatisfactory solution to her character, the clue to her policy, at least, seems to lie in the terse phrase. She thought first and foremost of her people and her country. She acceded to a weak and distracted state. When she died, in 1603, it had become without doubt the most powerful in Europe. No marriage vows could have been more virtuously undertaken, more successfully preserved.

The outstanding feature of Elizabeth's make-up was her chronic inability to come to a decision. Some biographers have made of this the subject for a characterological study, others see in it an almost Macchiavellian insight for the political currents of the time. Mr. Waldman belongs to the latter school, though he does not entirely disregard the pathological aspects of the royal neurotic. " Her boasted virginity," he writes, " was a principal instrument of policy as well as a pass-key to her character." But her virginity was, one understands, made inviolate by nature and therefore the one thing about her which allowed of no two interpretations. It was, rather, her fundamentally liberal point of view, compelling her to weigh, in almost equally balanced scales, the violently

opposed enthusiasms surrounding her in religious, political and matrimonial matters, which gave rise to the prolonged hesitations and fascinating ambiguities of her strange character. Amongst the impetuous spirits of her reign she appears, by comparison, oddly dispassionate and impartial: a temperament which incidentally (one might almost say, accidentally) not only kept her realm singularly free from the distractions that enfeebled those of her neighbours but, when the time came, allowed her to pit successfully the recuperated energies of thirty years against the whole strength of Spain.

If Mr. Waldman is inclined to lose sight of Elizabeth's natural liberality of outlook and to emphasise only the very great qualities of statesmanship with which she was no doubt endowed, his book is not the less authoritative and interesting for that. There are excellent miniatures of her famous galaxy; there is a well-balanced and sympathetic account of the transactions between Mary and Elizabeth; and at the end one is left with as competent, as satisfactory, a study of the queen as any that has yet been written. A large bibliography is appended, but it seems a pity that there are no footnotes to which immediate reference might have been made.

RICHARD STRACHEY

WHERE IS SPAIN GOING?

The Spanish Republic. Anonymous. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Donde vas con manton de manila? "Where are you going with your shawl and lace head-dress?" is the first line of a familiar Spanish refrain (*Muy madrileño*) from a picturesque operette, *La verbena de la paloma*. Where, indeed?—asks not only the foreigner, but the Spaniard himself—only to-day she seems to be walking "*sin*" instead of "*con*" her old-world dress. What is her goal? The Kremlin? Hitler? Military dictatorships, so common among her South American daughters, alternating with periods of parliamentary government? Or a repetition of her nineteenth-century history, including a restoration of the Bourbon monarchy?

Like a patient mule, Spain meanders on her path, sometimes halting, sometimes frisking along rapidly, all the while goaded in her most sensitive quarters by the pens of foreign journalists. A particularly tender spot for such inquisitive prodding is, naturally, her political transformation from an eighteenth-century type of despotic monarchy to a so-called democratic regime, modelled on that of the now defunct constitution of Weimar. Such a transformation is all the more interesting at a time when dictatorships are ousting parliamentary government in so many countries. The first "documented account of Spain's progress under republican institutions" ought therefore to be a book which should appeal to a large reading public. But "Anonymous" has missed his opportunity. Partiality is often a necessary, and an attractive, characteristic of political histories, and, when the subject is Spain, perhaps unavoidable. But monotonous vituperation of the present leaders of the republic is ill-judged and not justified by the actual condition of affairs in Spain. To call Señor Azaña, for example, a "third-rate climber of the *ventre-pourri* type" and to say that "only a mercenary flatterer or a congenital idiot can profess to see a spark of statesmanship" in the Prime Minister would be even more ridiculous, if it were not also harmful to the promotion of friendly relations between ourselves and Spain, than some of the lampoons on the Bourbons published immediately after the revolution of April, 1931.

In the eyes of the anonymous author of this short, bitter diatribe the republic can do nothing right and is rapidly sinking into chaos and anarchy. Before the revolution the credulous Spanish people were duped by the promises of an approaching Utopia. Two years of Señor Azaña's Government has completely disillusioned them, and a speedy restoration of the monarchy is the only way out of the *impasse*. On one page "Anonymous" expresses his conviction that "things will have to grow worse before they can improve, but . . . in the end the country will drive its present rulers out of power and work together for the restoration of the monarchy." Two or three pages later he writes: "A general election would not decide the fall of the republic or the restoration of the monarchy, but it would sentence the makers of chaos to the penalty of political annihilation and prove, in a decisive manner, that the country had swung to the right." This assurance about the results of general elections is at variance with his previous statement that things must "grow worse" (i.e., swing further to the left) before they can improve. "Things"—to use "Anonymous'" vague expression—generally do "grow worse" after a revolution.

The Spanish revolution of April, 1931, was of the usual bourgeois nineteenth-century type. It was quite according to type that Alfonso was forced to leave Madrid largely because the people had gained temporary control of the streets. It was popular pressure that enabled the revolutionary junta, under the leadership of Señor Alcalà Zamora to impose their wishes on the monarchy. Writers like Señor Cesar Falcon consider that a great opportunity was then lost. The object of the revolution, according to him, was "to transform in totality the monarchist state and to create a new democratic state. . . . The leaders, however, confined themselves to a change in the system of government and to a few liberal reforms which would have been possible, in certain circumstances, under the monarchist regime." In other words, the leaders betrayed the people.

This is the usual left-wing criticism of any revolutionary movement at its inception. The former Liberal leaders are denounced as reactionary Conservatives. They, in their turn, complain that the revolution is going farther to the left than they had intended. The "intellectuals," who would apparently have been satisfied with a limited monarchy modelled on that of England (had ex-King Alfonso rendered such a contingency possible), now openly express their disapproval of the trend of the republic's politics. They clamour for a general election, urging that the present Cortes have completed their function of drawing up a constitution, and that the Government is now removed from the real feeling in the country. So Unamuno, who paid for his liberal opinions under the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera by exile, now describes the Government as "a consequence of the inquisitorial system." The so-called "massacre" at Casas Viejas is a particularly useful stick with which Liberals can beat the Azaña regime, recalling in some respects the incidents at Amritsar some years ago. On the other hand, without the strong hand of Azaña, Spain might rapidly sink, at this time of revolutionary transition, into a condition of anarchy recalling the circumstances of the first republic. Without centralised discipline each region is liable to claim independence, each workman feel

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that he is entitled to shoot his neighbour, if he wishes. Up to the present a proletariat revolution has been avoided by the clever alliance of the Premier with the well-organised Socialist party. During the past year state interference in nearly all departments of life, in banking, in railways, in business, has enormously increased. Lands have been confiscated with no or little compensation, and the religious orders have been forbidden to teach.

It is this sectarianism of the Government which, more than anything else, may assist the disorganised forces of the right, monarchists, radicals, and others. Anti-clerical feeling (the objection to the interference of the Church in politics) is still strong in Spain, but anti-Catholic sentiment is limited to a minority. If ever the right-wing elements should combine for the restoration of the monarchy—which at present seems an unlikely contingency—the anti-Catholic policy of the present regime will have been a chief contributory cause. Spain is a peculiar country. It is not true that the populace is unworthy of parliamentary liberties, as "Anonymous" implies—her parliamentary traditions are even older than our own—but any attempt at tactless enforcement of dictatorial powers is apt to rouse that sense of individual pride which seems to be inherent in every Spaniard, whether peasant or grandee. At the moment then, Spain stands somewhat precariously poised, and it would be rash to prophecy whether the present bourgeois regime will stabilise itself or whether a move from the left or from the right—the more likely contingency since the Hitler revolution—will upset the balance.

FRANCIS BACON

Bacon. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. *Barker.* 10s.

There is little need for Mr. Williams to apologise for treading so close on the heels of Miss Sturt. "Bacon," he says in a prefatory note, "is worth two, and will no doubt soon be worth at least ten, lives." The precise import of the dark latter number of this sentence must be left to a speculation more profound than ours, but one gathers that Mr. Williams holds that Bacon's career and character will bear a great deal of writing about. Few will disagree. It is not that there is anything extraordinarily baffling in Bacon. On the contrary, as human nature goes, Bacon's case is extraordinarily simple, and for that very reason his quality as a tragic man appears the more clearly. He belongs to a type with which English public affairs are still familiar—the brilliantly clever young man of good family, who takes it for granted that, in virtue of his talents and connections, he is destined for a great career yet finds himself constantly thwarted and slighted, everywhere admired but nowhere trusted. The main mischief of such a man is that he never has any money—a little patrimony of course, but not nearly enough to support his ambitions. He is quickly known as one who counts on living by his wits and who relies on the circumstances of his birth to secure that his wits shall be handsomely recognised. It is often said that the English distrust brains in politics. This is not true. The self-made man, be he never so brainy, is welcome; and the rich man who has wit as well as money will not find that his wit stands in his way. It is the clever man who is poor but not humble that suffers.

Such was Francis Bacon. If old Nicholas Bacon had died even half as rich as everybody believed him to be, the story of his illustrious son would have been very different. Francis Bacon was cradled in official life, and brought up in the belief that distinguished public employment was, in a manner of speaking, his birthright. He was in the diplomatic service while still in his teens and a Member of Parliament at the age of twenty-three. His father had sat on the Woolsack. His cousin, Robert Cecil, was Secretary of State. Gloriana herself was always willing to receive him—at the distance, it is true, of a very great great-aunt, but kindly enough, remembering him as a bright little boy whom she had once patted on the head and joked about in a great-auntly fashion. Yet for more than twenty years his public life was barren of everything but disappointment. Fair promises were made to him, but always broken. Every time he sought a place, he saw inferior men preferred. His practice at the Bar was miserably poor and he was never out of debt. The only recognition he had was from his Parliamentary colleagues, who admired his talent for the despatch of business and made free use of it; but as they did not pay him for his time and trouble there was small consolation in that. He was forty-six years of age and ready to retire into private life in disgust when the change in his fortunes came about. Elizabeth would not employ him, but James did, and when presently Cecil died Bacon's way was clear.

Events were to show that Elizabeth and Cecil had been right. They were profounder judges of character than James. Did they discern in Francis Bacon not only the suspect combination of birth, brains, and poverty but something worse? If we can imagine them using modern jargon, did they not reason thus? "Francis is a clever dog, but he is a yellow one. He has diligence but no courage. He professes to be a philosopher. Then let him stick to his philosophy and earn undying glory if he can. His means are quite sufficient, for philosophy costs nothing. Why should we give him high office simply to gratify his most unphilosophic vanity—to enable him to cut a figure, wear flashy clothes and throw money about? His heart is not really in the job, and sooner or later he would disgrace us—not by a humping piece of villainy such as a statesman must always be prepared to commit, but by something slack and silly."

That, at any rate, is one view of Bacon, but, of course, there are others. The complaint we have against Mr. Williams is that he has no view—only a great reluctance to face the nasty facts. And this appears to arise not from any desire to whitewash Bacon but because any articulate statement of the facts would be bound to wear the aspect of a moral judgment—that is (horrid thought!) it would look like taking a view of the subject. For Mr. Williams belongs to that school of biography that likes to lose facts in a wilderness of "psychological" exposition, which, presumably, is what is intended by the clamorous elaboration of similes, metaphors and conceits:

> When he acceded to the Solicitorship the Prerogative was yet barely invaded. It lay around the Throne like a park round a palace; it was soon to be let out in suitable building lots, as so much of the Crown land had already been; complex families were to dwell there. The Families may have been the champions of freedom of whom we once heard, or the merely rich of whom we now hear; in either case they seized, occupied, and possessed the royal domain. Yet the metaphor is misleading, for the Prerogative was not a passive pleasance but an active power. . . .

It aggravates offences of this kind if the culprit knows better. In the very next paragraph Mr. Williams gives us a passage of which Macaulay would not have been ashamed. On the other hand, he is capable also of plain blunt badness, as in the following conundrum:—

> The new Chief Justice of the King's Bench had carried into his more dignified office the same conviction that not only he, but he just there, and so was always right, which had fitted him as Attorney, exposed itself in the Common Pleas, and spent itself against a mind which attempted—with whatever success—to refer all things to universality.

Books like Mr. Williams's (which is recommended by the Book Society) make the present writer remember with belated sympathy the plangent Lancashire accents of his drill sergeant. "Ye're *not* to do it, now. Bre'kin' an old soldier's 'eart, that's what ye are."

DONALD CARSWELL

CHINA AND JAPAN

The House of Exile. By NORA WALN. *The Cresset Press.* 16s.

Young China and New Japan. By MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

Mrs. Waln had the advantage of beginning her study of Chinese life at the centre—that is to say, in a Chinese family—and thence working out towards the circumference; whereas most observers, including, of course, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, begin at the circumference, in the world of treaty ports and legations, and never enjoy more than a brief glimpse of what lies beyond. The family is the basic unit of the Chinese system; there are those, indeed, who tell us that, if the Chinese, in spite of all their efforts to the contrary and a long literature instilling the beauties of official rectitude, display so curious a lack of talent for political life, it is because they find it hard to conceive of any social unit larger or more important than the primitive clan, or any form of government other than the patriarchal. That may be; there is no doubt that, for the average Chinese, the family is still the dominant institution. A foreigner who wishes to understand the country must penetrate the family courtyards of a Chinese house.

Here Mrs. Waln lived as an adopted daughter. *The House of Exile,* situated in Hopei Province, was the offshoot of a larger

Southern house; and, although it had existed for several centuries, was still considered by the huge family who inhabited it, under the rule of the Family Elder and his wife, to be a place of exile or encampment in a strange land. Mrs. Waln crossed the threshold of the To-and-from-the-World Gate when she was young and impressionable enough to adapt herself to new surroundings, and did not leave it, apparently, until her marriage. In the first half of the book, she describes the commonwealth of a large and prosperous Chinese family. She writes well; from a literary point of view, one of the best things in her narrative is the picture of a journey down the ice-bound Grand Canal, in a boat reconditioned as a sledge. Her impressions have all the charm of a Flemish landscape; there are peasants, their craft laden with chicken, geese, ducks, black pigs, peanuts and heaps of golden millet, poling by over the smooth surface of the frozen waterway, and there is the sudden appearance of a band of marauding soldiers. Delightful, too, is her evocation of a Chinese house, where every wife or concubine has a separate cell, with its shrines, gates and multifarious one-roomed pavilions.

From The House of Exile she moved to Nanking and then to Canton. She was now the wife of an Englishman in the Chinese Government service; but, although as a foreigner on Shameen, when Borodin's influence was paramount in Southern China, she saw the Chinese mob, and its Nationalist leaders, at their very worst, her affection for the China she had known was never eclipsed. She gives an interesting and sympathetic account of the difficulties that have beset the followers of Sun Yat-Sen, and traces the development and tragic vicissitudes of the modern Nationalist Party. Altogether, she has written an absorbing book; having a foot in both camps, she is able to understand the exasperation of Western merchants who contend, with perfect accuracy, that it was European enterprise and forethought that raised flourishing concessions—where every Chinese prefers to invest his capital—on the mud- or sand-banks allotted them by the Chinese Government, and yet to recognise the justice of the Chinese claim that such concessions are an affront to Chinese autonomy.

Mrs. Waln knows China and speaks its dialects. Mrs. Chesterton's lively excursion through the Far East, though dictated by a genuine feeling for its peoples and problems, was necessarily very much more superficial. Her book is a journalistic gesture of sympathy. She liked China; she likes, and warmly praises, its modern English-speaking intellectuals, particularly when they belong to her own sex, and discusses the reforms they are trying to accomplish. Sometimes her sympathy goes too far; thus, she is wrong, alas, in asserting that medieval tortures are no longer practised by the Chinese, and that Chinese prisons are now sanitary and humane. Conversely, both as a pacifist and professional feminist, the Japanese system, and all it stands for, awoke her resentment.

WASHINGTON TO HARDING

The American Presidents. HERBERT AGAR. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6*d.*

"At last the days of cynical waiting are over. The tinkering has been tried and has failed. The nation has undergone Harding, racketeering, the gangster, the slump. The number of Americans who are in need is greater than the whole population of the country that fought the Civil War. It is time for a decisive movement to the Right or to the Left." Thus Mr. Agar at the conclusion of his brief, scintillating review of the history of the United States of America as it appears mirrored in the careers of the American Presidents. Mr. Agar prefers the decisive movement to the Right, still believing it "likely that with wise administration the well-taught, well-nurtured America of J. Q. Adams' dream has again become a possibility." Begging with the word "again" a question to which his book does not, cannot, give any convincing answer: namely, whether the dream of John Quincy Adams was ever a possibility? Of his belief in the virtue of aristocratic conservatism, his loathing of the whole democratic, plutocratic, social-democratic swindle, he nowhere leaves any doubt. Scorning the hoax of pretended impartiality, he writes history as good history must be written in our period: writing to prove a point, making clear on every page what the author is, as they say, driving at. The book is polemical without shouting itself hoarse, extremely erudite without staggering under the load. It is an illuminating book to read between the headlines, as it were, of this month's and next month's news from New York and Washington and Scottsboro and the Pennsylvania coalfields. It is illuminating not only as a vivid presentation of American political development, viewed steadily and coherently from the standpoint of a conservative and hence idealistic interpretation of history: reactionary in the exact sense of the word.

In addition it presents the latest, neatest, most practical expression of a political opinion long more or less vaguely brewing in the minds of the relics of the old American ruling class, and of hundreds of thousands of the middle bourgeoisie caught between the upper and nether social millstones of our period. This nostalgia, this sense of having collectively, and by their own fault, just missed, so to speak, a bus bound for some splendid national development, is stronger in America than in any older country. There is a rough but significant parallel to it in the attitude of sections of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie in Russia during the thirty years or so before the Communist revolution. Mr. Agar, despite the exactitude and clarity of so much of his analysis of the political situation, permits himself to write of the time "when America was young and had a soul."

The book is divided into three parts: "Oligarchy" (from Washington to J. Q. Adams); "Democracy" (from Jefferson to Lincoln) and "Plutocracy" (Johnson to Harding). Coolidge and Hoover are omitted from the list, because, Mr. Agar explains, "a shocking tale loses force if told too often. The two Presidents who succeeded Harding merely proved with growing unpleasantness the need for a new order in American political life." The careers of the Presidents have suggested to the author the question, "Why is it that whereas six out of the first seven are men of great ability, only four out of the remaining twenty-two are above the common average of politicians? The answer to this question—which is one of the chief subjects of this book—involves a discussion of the whole history of the United States." In the course of his wittily learned studies of the Presidents the author throws fascinating light on their characters, on their relations to the politicians of their day, and on the changing atmosphere of the capital city throughout the period.

At the same time it is a question whether this particular mirror, even manipulated by hands so careful and dexterous as those of Mr. Agar, is capable of reflecting fully and without major dis-

THE HOUSE OF EXILE *By* NORA WALN

"... this book should become a classic ... a terrible, beautiful and haunting book."—JOSEPH SELL in *Manchester Evening News.*

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tortion the scene which it is intended to catch. Even from Mr. Agar's own thesis one would naturally deduce the fact that during the period covered by his book the study of the development of the Federal Government, and *a fortiori* of the personalities concerned in the Federal Government, is of decreasing value as a measure of, and guide to, the major developments in the country. It is a characteristic and inevitable result of the method adopted by the author that he should scarcely ever refer to the industrial urban population except as "the mob." There are plenty of aspects of American political life from which the appellation is correct. But it is equally true that it is impossible to achieve any adequate picture of the development of what Mr. Agar would perhaps call "the American soul" without a picture of the course of American labour organisation, or at least a hint that the organisations of the urban workers and of the farmers (e.g., the I.W.W. and the Farmer Labour Movement) offer evidence of currents running in America scarcely suggested by the most concentrated study of the course of the Federal Government. Mr. Agar recognises and refers to the possibility of proletarian revolution in the United States. But there is almost nothing in his book to explain why such a development is possible, and, more important still, there is nothing to suggest the forms and courses which this, one of the major movements in American history, is likely to take. Labour is the Prince of Denmark without whom Mr. Agar presents the tragedy of the American *Hamlet*.

HENRY FIELDING

Henry Fielding. By B. M. JONES. *George Allen and Unwin,* 8s. 6d.

This is an excellent little book with an illuminating introduction by Mr. Justice Du Parcq, who points out that Shakespeare and Fielding are the only English writers who touched law without making legal blunders and that Walter Scott is no exception to this rule. He divides Fielding's life into three periods, to wit, from (1) 1707 to 1737 when his successful career as a dramatist was ended by the passing of the Licensing Act of that year, (2) from 1737 to 1749 (when he studied law, practised at the Bar, and wrote all but one of his novels and edited three successful newspapers), and (3) from 1749 until his death in 1754 when he acted as magistrate and criminal law reformer. It thus appears that Fielding acted many parts in his life time, and but for the death of his first wife in 1744 and for maladies which in these days might have been cured, he should have lived ten or fifteen years longer.

Early poverty forced him into playwriting and subsequently into novel writing. Otherwise he would probably have given to the law what was meant for mankind. I remember that when I was at Eton forty years ago there was a bust of Fielding in the Upper School, but not a bust of Shelley. On the other hand, all Shelley's works were in the school library, while Fielding's works were excluded and have probably never been admitted. This shows, I suppose, that Fielding was respectable enough to be admitted as a lawyer and a magistrate into the Upper School in spite of the fact that his works were considered unworthy to be kept in a library which included a wholly unexpurgated edition of the Delphin classics presented by George IV!

Legal extracts from the book are good reading (particularly the extract of Norman law given on page 42), and it is interesting in these days to read Fielding's lamentations over the evil and demoralising effects of the Government lotteries which were not abolished until 1826. His attacks on Walpole were directly responsible for the Act of 1737 abolishing the theatre for which his plays were written, and this drove him to the law, though the law did not give him enough money to prevent him writing his famous novels.

His career in some ways resembled that of Mr. A. P. Herbert, who being a barrister at law uses his legal knowledge as material for fiction and plays as well as for promoting legal reforms. The last period of his career, which was so tragically ended by the expedition to Lisbon, represents a real service to the cause of public safety. Fielding's humanity took the form of sympathy with the criminal's victim as well as with the criminal himself, although he had little patience for the doctrine that punishment can reform the criminal.

The eighteenth century lawyer and magistrate could make allowances for the young; but he considered that an habitual criminal was better out of the way altogether, and in some ways it is more merciful to kill an habitual criminal than to keep him in a perpetual confinement which deprives him of normal human activities. I have studied most of the existing volumes about Fielding's career; but this volume was badly needed and pieces his life together in a way which is essential if the sum of his versatile achievement in what is nowadays considered a short life is to be properly understood and appreciated.

E. S. P. HAYNES

WHY MEN INVENT

The Inventor and His World. By H. STAFFORD HATFIELD. *Kegan Paul.* 6s.

For the most part, when we wish to supplement our direct observation of our fellow men we turn to novels and autobiographies. It may strike us on reflection as rather odd that hitherto so few efforts have been made towards the treating of the world's various walks of life by means of scientific description as distinct from fiction or reminiscence.

Dr. Hatfield's monograph on *The Inventor and His World* seems to me to open up a vista of fascinating possibilities in this line. The writer, the painter, the manufacturer, and a host of others would supply subject-matter for a whole series of similar works. It is possible, however, that the viewing of a single subject from many different angles should be a work of collaboration. Dr. Hatfield's extreme versatility certainly renders him the next best thing to a symposium of separate experts, but at the same time it is possible to trace a certain amount of unevenness in the success with which he tackles the different sides of his subject. His chapters on the various types of invention provoke our admiration for the way in which they blend curious facts and ingenious imaginings, designed to interest the ordinary reader, with practical advice designed to assist the inventor. His chapter on Patent Law will be found at any rate very provocative by those interested in this side of the subject. But his chapters on the nature of invention and the psychology of the inventor leave a vague and confused impression on the mind. To a large extent, of course, this is due to the failure of all modern philosophical and psychological thought to offer any convenient half-way house between chatty superficiality and profound obscurity. Dr. Hatfield may well have felt that in writing a popular book he must at all costs steer clear of deep water. One feels, however, that greater thoroughness in these two chapters would have resulted in a gain, not a loss, of clarity. We are given glimpses of various lines of thought—that an analogy may be drawn between the evolution of machinery and biological evolution, that an analogy may be drawn between scientific invention and artistic creation—but these analogies are allowed to keep popping into view and disappearing again without ever being subjected to a really searching scrutiny. Having told us that inventors and artists have many points in common Dr. Hatfield is evading his responsibilities in not giving clear form to the comparison by examining exactly where the analogy begins and ends. We might hope in this way to get some new light on the relation of scientific design to aesthetic design—a problem at present vexing the souls of aestheticians. Would Dr. Hatfield, one wonders, admit the existence of a category of anonymous invention as a counterpart to the phenomena of folk-art? Are not currency systems in fact something of this sort? In which case we should have to admit that the individual inventors at work in the field of scientific technique have far outstripped the corporative solvers of sociological problems. I doubt, however, whether Dr. Hatfield would admit legislative assemblies to any place, however humble, in the hierarchy of inventors. They are a class of institution to which he refers from time to time with a rather over-accentuated acrimony. He is, in fact, a little apt to let fling at any convenient cock-shy, as, for example, when he censures psychologists for giving him so little assistance towards explaining the nature of enthusiasm. Psychologists have at any rate postulated that enthusiasm connotes some chain of connection, however kinked, between the object of enthusiasm and one or other of the primary instincts. It is obviously exceedingly difficult to apply this theory to the man whose mania is machinery. Yet Dr. Hatfield should surely either have attempted the task or put forward some alternative theory of his own. Nowadays, when almost every family finds itself reluctantly rearing at least one wireless "fan," the fundamental origin of these curious aberrations must be a matter of concern to every philosophic mind. Yet Dr. Hatfield contents himself with supplementing the truism that mechanical aptitude fluctuates widely among individuals with the less familiar fact that it fluctuates equally widely among races. In illustration of which he asserts that it is perfectly safe to hand one's watch over to any

THE STORY OF PARKER

Brigadier-General Spears, in the House of Commons on June 30th, told the story of Thomas Parker. For the benefit of those who did not read the full report in Hansard (Vol. 279, No. 114, 6d.) or in the Press, the following brief and admittedly incomplete summary is given.

Thomas Parker enlisted when under age, so anxious was he to serve his country, but he was discharged owing to his extreme youth. He succeeded a little later in rejoining and went to France where he served in the Infantry until the end of the war, but even then he was only 19 years old. At 22 he left the Army and like hundreds of thousands more found himself untrained and jobless. Eventually he found work as a casual labourer, a miner and then as a navvy.

Last May, Parker was destitute. He had been in the workhouse and was tramping to Tamworth in search of work. He had no money. Night came on and he crept under the shelter of a steam roller and went to sleep. Now in this country that is a crime. He was arrested. As Brigadier-General Spears said: "I have often slept in the open, but I have never been arrested, simply because I did not happen to be poor and destitute. This man's crime was his extreme poverty."

Parker was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment. During the second night of his imprisonment he was disturbed and agitated. He kept shouting that he was innocent, that he had committed no crime, and that he must get out of gaol, even if it was in a coffin. The warder on duty, who seems to have been a sensible and humane man, did his best to quieten Parker, but Parker behaved like a man in a frenzy. His exasperated sense of injustice, coupled with the effect of confinement on a man who was certainly suffering from some form of claustrophobia, had upset his mental balance.

Parker was brought before the Acting Governor and sentenced to 3 days' solitary confinement on bread and water. Although he had been completely incoherent and had shown every sign of frenzy before the Acting Governor, he suddenly pulled himself together and solemnly said, "This is my death card. How are my relatives to know that I am dead?" He was taken struggling from the adjudication room by two warders. They walked on either side of him, but, his arms released for a moment, Parker took a flying jump down a flight of stone steps. "But no one saw him actually fall, and that is a curious fact," said Brigadier-General Spears. "There were two warders, one on either side of him, and there were other prison officers in the corridor, but not a man saw him fall, not a man saw a blow dealt, and yet, in the space of these few seconds he received a terrible injury on the back of the head behind the ear from which he died in a very few minutes."

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You were moved by the death of Thomas Parker, ex-service man, in Winson Green Prison for the "crimes" of poverty and sleeping out.

You blamed the Court, the Law, the Prison officers.

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Next week-end 13,000 men and women will be in prison and Sundays and Bank Holidays in prison often mean Solitary Confinement for 22 hours out of 24. Of this 13,000, some like Thomas Parker are in prison for sleeping out. Many are there because they are too poor to pay debts, or fines for trivial offences like playing football in the streets. Some are boys and girls under 21; prison makes criminals of them. Some are there for 15 years and more. Many are feeble in mind and body. Some are dangerously abnormal; prison makes them worse. Hardly any have the chance of doing a good day's work in prison.

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The League is working now for a larger and better Probation Service, for individual physical and mental examination and treatment of offenders; for reform of the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction; for the abolition of imprisonment for young offenders; for the reorganisation of prison labour; for the abolition of imprisonment of debtors in criminal prisons; for an International Charter for Prisoners.

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Eskimo for him to dissect and reconstruct. While I shall be content to leave it to each reader to test the accuracy of this statement with his own watch and the first Eskimo he meets, I can assert with confidence that Dr. Hatfield's book will be found a satisfactory source of entertainment by the many whose tastes lie in the direction of science and engineering, and a reliable source of instruction by the few who feel impelled to embark on actual invention.

The divergence of outlook between the man who designs as a mental exercise and from an impulse to push forward towards some abstract ideal, and the man who thinks in terms of profit and loss is, of course, fundamental. Nevertheless it is upon co-operation between them that the structure of industry is inevitably based. This co-operation Dr. Hatfield's book should help to foster.

H. D. WALEY

SHORTER NOTICES

In Quest of The Ashes. By D. R. JARDINE. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Jardine, in a sober and scholarly style, gives an admirable account of the late unfortunate tour in Australia. Naturally, the "inventor" of the leg theory (a title he correctly denies to himself) finds nothing unfair in "body line" bowling. He also gives a terrible picture of the amount of betting that goes on over cricket results in Australia, and describes vividly the tedium, if no worse, inspired by the raucous jests of the barrackers. The whole atmosphere must be intolerable to a civilised man. Mr. Jardine seems inclined to think that perhaps Australian Test matches had better stop, a conclusion which the reader will probably heartily endorse. And the M.C.C. are less dependent on Australia, now that other portions of the Empire are making such advances in cricket. The worst of the leg theory is that it increases the boredom of watching the game; and this aspect of modern cricket science Mr. Jardine doesn't discuss as fully as one might have wished. Still, Mr. Jardine has written a calm and informative volume.

The Paris Front. By MICHEL CORDAY. *Gollancz.* 18s.

This is the diary of a civilised Parisian during the war years. He had certain entrées into official life and notes down a good deal of current gossip, true and untrue. M. Corday had an intense dislike of the war, the war mind, spy huntings and general mania, which renders his diary and his personality attractive. Paris, nearer the Front than London, had the livelier existence both physical and emotional, and M. Corday's day-to-day and rather *terre à terre* entries inspire confidence in the honorability of his statements and character. A reader who wants to know what it felt like to be rather a half-hearted patriot in Paris during the war will be able to find out, in a considerable measure, from M. Corday's book, though it is difficult to agree with Mr. Wells that he has written a diary of great historical importance. There are some good remarks by Anatole France, Tristran Bernard and other well-known Parisians peppered about the book, which was presumably composed in French, though no translator's name appears on the title-page.

Out and About: Random Recollections. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. *Murray.* 10s. 6d.

Memoirs in Miniature. By DR. G. C. WILLIAMSON. *Grayson.* 10s. 6d.

In these agreeable recollections Mr. Marshall—after the opening chapters, in which he tells of the Cambridge of his day, with Rudie Lehmann in charge of *The Granta* and the young Owen Seamen and Barry Pain among the contributors to that famous nursery of *Punch*—confines himself to his various experiences as a working journalist on the *Daily News*—again with Lehmann—the *Daily Mail*, and the *Daily Mail Book Supplement*. As special correspondent at home and abroad, with interludes in the editorial office, Mr. Marshall acquired a considerable knowledge of the working of the modern newspaper at an interesting moment of its development, in the company of journalists of many types. He has many amusing stories of his friends of those days, and a sharp passage of arms with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who was with him on the *Book Supplement* and whose published memories of their association he challenges. Dr. Williamson's reminiscences in a way resemble those of Mr. Marshall, in that he tells us little of his life's main work, which has been that of an expert investigator into interesting highways and byways of art—particularly from the point of view of the collector, and much of the social contacts his researches involved. Connoisseurship as a passport to intimacy is probably unequalled in efficacy; hence Dr. Williamson is able to give us many curious sidelights on the characters of such notables as Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Curzon. The book is compact of amiable gossip, laced with many interesting notes on antiquarian lore, of which the author of a hundred books ranging from great catalogues and text books to monographs on and in miniature, has a fund at his disposal.

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About Motoring

THE TRIUMPH TEN

THANKS to the depression the 10 h.p. car is very nearly the favourite choice amongst the British car-buying public. Decision between the various makes of ten is especially difficult, because at a bottom price no designer can contrive to supply everything for which the consumer craves. Until the appearance of this new Triumph a certain make of ten had established itself so thoroughly in public favour that second-hand examples were practically unobtainable. As fast as one came into a dealer's hands it was promptly snapped up. Only three months ago I spent a hectic day telephoning all over England to various dealers in the effort to find such a car for an impecunious soldier who had recently arrived home on leave. I can hardly praise the Triumph Ten higher than by saying that it should challenge the pre-eminence of the aforesaid champion in the class. No owner as yet can boast a genuinely lengthy acquaintance with it; but those who bought it at its début seem more than pleased with it. Some of this sudden leap to popularity is unquestionably due to a very high road performance, and this aspect should possibly be discounted by those to whom speed makes no special appeal. The little car weighs about a ton, and will carry four good-sized passengers at very nearly 70 m.p.h. on top, whilst an extraordinarily useful third gear can reach 52 m.p.h., even if the engine buzzes rather perceptibly at such high revolutions. Expert drivers always set a high premium on high speeds obtained with the third gear. For one thing this gear should always be used for overtaking on busy roads, as furnishing terrific acceleration, and shortening the dangerous period during which one runs abreast of the overtaken car; for another, a fast third gear permits one to climb hills without slowing, and thereby to establish a high average speed on long cross-country journeys. Fastidious owners, no less than those who are merciful to their engines, will not avail themselves of the full 52 m.p.h. which is the third gear limit of the Triumph Ten. But even if we adopt a self-denying ordinance and ease the right foot at 45 m.p.h., this is an excellent feat for a 10 h.p. Incidentally, the Triumph is not underbraked in proportion to its speed.

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So far as the engine is concerned, the speed is pleasant speed, since the engine is genuinely smooth and very tolerably quiet. The steering is firm and definite ; it does not hammer your wrists even on a 300-mile sprint over assorted roads. If it has a fault, it might be described as the merest shade heavy, but knowledgeable men expect rather hard steering with a cheap car, which can never boast all the thrusts and other bearings to be found on a Rolls. The suspension is distinctly good, or I should not venture to emphasise the speed, as performance is useless if accompanied by rough steering. Some of the folk who despise small cars are still living in the age of the first Austin Seven or Singer Ten. In 1913 a small car might not weigh more than 8 cwt.—a figure which could not possibly include multi-leaved springs of great width or length. The modern ten scales a ton, and a good percentage of that ton is devoted to robust springing, damped by efficient shock absorbers, and accepted by a stiff frame. So this Triumph does not gamble like a kitten with a ball, but sits well down on the road. It stiffens under shock absorber action at high speed ; and at rational speeds on wavy going it is soft enough for all ordinary requirements. The rest of its paces are quite satisfactory. It can be throttled down to a single figure gait on top, though wise drivers will use third quite a lot in traffic and at low speeds against the collar. Third gear is " silent," and very easily changed ; indeed, all the gear changes are about as good as one can demand in the absence of any of the modern automatic mechanisms. Second gear will pull on a hill at a round thirty miles an hour, and few cars will outpace this small saloon except on very fast, wide roads.

The standard saloon body is well-balanced in dimensions, and has much the same lines as a hundred others, with nothing freakish in the contours. The front seat cushion is a full 3ft. 6in. wide, and 21in. per passenger is enough. The rear seat cushion is narrowed by the fact that the rear wheels and wings are recessed some depth into the body sides, as is inevitable with this type of car ; but it is 3ft. wide, and can therefore accommodate two adults in comfort, if they are not overfed. The overall interior height is two inches under four feet. The pillarless body is not employed as standard, but the doors are decently wide, and I find that elderly passengers in small cars prefer the presence of a central pillar, as it gives them a hold during the inevitable acrobatics of entry and exit. Altogether there is no sensation of a " giant in a pillbox " such as one often experiences with a baby car. The price (£225) is by no means excessive, considering the general quality, and especially the high quality of the mechanical items. Any small car owner who intends to tour on the Continent should not fail to give this car a trial, as its climbing speed will be very useful in the Alps, its flat speed a help over the duller straights of France, and its deep and capacious radiator an asset in mountaineering. There is no great overhang of the rear axle, the rear door hinges being just forward of the vertical diameter of the back wheels. Luggage provision must be improvised, as there is no space for internal lockers on so short a body platform ; but this objection applies indiscriminately to all small cars.

There are, of course, pessimists in the land who decry the purchase of any car unequipped with the more modern gear-changing facilities. They aver that by the next Show every British car and most foreign cars will inevitably be fitted with the Wilson gear, a freewheel, an automatic clutch or other handmaid for the inveterate gear clasher. Similarly, there are croakers who publicly assert that within two years we shall all have car-planes built under Auto-Giro patents and either take off our own tennis courts, or remove our whirligigs and use the road. Both prophecies are equally absurd. The patent gear makes for peace of mind in the duffer, but the vast majority of motorists still enjoy life with a normal gear box, and unless one is either very stupid or very old there is no reason to disdain a good car because it has a standard gear box.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 32.—MUGS' GAME

One of the stalls at Catchpenny Fair, when I visited it with my friend Professor Graeme Atta, consisted of a square table whose surface was divided into twenty-five coloured squares, equal in size, the whole being surrounded by a raised metal edge. Onlookers were invited to toss Ruritanian half-dollars on to the table from a considerable distance with the object of making them land wholly on any one of the twenty-five small squares. They paid the proprietor a penny a throw, and if they succeeded in their object received from him the amount allotted to the square within which the coin fell, these coins being and remaining the property of the stall-holder. If the half-dollar failed to land flat on the table the throw was not counted and another throw was allowed without extra charge. The values allotted to the squares depended on their colours and were : green 0, red 1*d.*, blue 2*d.*, yellow 6*d.*, and white 1*s.*, and the squares were coloured as follows. The centre square was white ; the outer and middle squares of the 2nd and 4th rows, vertically and horizontally, were green ; the outermost corners red ; the middle squares of each outer row blue ; and the remainder yellow.

The Professor stood watching the play for a few minutes and then stepped forward and measured one of the small squares and a half-dollar. After a few rapid calculations on an old and very dirty envelope he turned to me and said : " An interesting amusement, but the owner ought to be doing pretty well out of it, for the expectation of any random throw is only a third of a penny (and at this distance all throws must be at random), while if the squares were three-sevenths of an inch wider the expectation would still be only sixteen twenty-sevenths of a penny."

How wide was the playing-surface of the table, and what is the diameter of a Ruritanian half-dollar ?

PROBLEM

The table of wives and vocations is as follows :—

Name.	Wife is sister of	Vocation.
Smith	Cooper	tinker
Cooper	Wainwright	tailor
Wainwright	Smith	carter
Tinker	Tailor	driver
Tailor	Carter	barber
Carter	Driver	miller
Driver	Barber	smith
Barber	Miller	cooper
Miller	Tinker	wainwright

This is the hardest problem of its type I have published, though the method of solution is straightforward enough. I shall set out the detailed solution, which calls for a good deal of space, in *Caliban's Problem Book* (to be published in October).

PROBLEM 29.—THE ENIGMA CLUB

A set of Low's cartoons goes to :
G. Rittener, 37, Banktop, Almondbury, Huddersfield.
There were 42 correct and 15 incorrect solutions.
Eight points are awarded for this problem.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—No. 4
BY TRINCULO

UPRIGHTS.

A perfect profit ? Possibly. Or I
Must make amends, who dealt the cards awry.

LIGHTS.

1. I follow Samuel ? Seek you, then, elsewhere.
2. A fête possessed—a reputation fair.
3. Brotherly love, or mouth that opens wide ?
4. White papers, pundits dark, her fate decide.
5. But one remains, whose source is " pulling wires."
" Conk on the boko "—that's what *he* requires.

I will give a copy of my *Week-End Problems Book* to the first correct solution opened. Solutions must reach me by Tuesday week and must be addressed to *Trinculo*, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2

CHAD
HORATIO
MAZEPPA
ETON

A copy of the *Week-End Problems Book* goes to :
Walter Eite, Esq., 92 Dalston Road, Carlisle.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-points basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

THE
VICAR
"GOES
ON"

"Now, Vicar, make yourself at home and light your pipe."

"Sure you don't mind?"

"Oh, we always say the Vicar wouldn't be the Vicar without his pipe. And that's such nice-smelling tobacco you smoke."

"I really believe you ladies enjoy Three Nuns as much as I do!"

"Oh, Vicar, how you do go on!"

THREE NUNS

The original tobacco of curious cut, 1/2½d. an ounce

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Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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